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THE

# Banner of the Covenant.

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OCTOBER, 1853.

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## Historical Sketches.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

### THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

[Continued from p. 260.]

In the beginning of the sixth century Ireland returned to Scotland a blessing corresponding to the one which she had received. At this time *Columba* was born near Letterkenny, in county Donegal. He is said to have been of royal lineage, being descended by his father from the Irish, and by his mother from the Scottish kings. With faith like that of Moses, he renounced the prospects of worldly greatness for the higher honours of an humble minister of the gospel of CHRIST. In his youth he enjoyed the advantages of excellent instructors, and gave evidences of talent and piety. His name became widely known; and such crowds, it is said, attended him as he went through the country, that it was necessary to carry a frame-work of wood around him, to keep off the pressure of the populace. He seems to have been actively engaged in religious duties, and is said to have founded a monastery, as it was called, at Derry, the cathedral of which city, it is stated, has been erected on the foundation of the church where he officiated.

Under the influence, probably, of a missionary spirit, he visited France and Italy. The monarch of the former country having made him some lucrative proposals, he replied—"It becomes not one who for CHRIST's sake has given up all his own wealth to accept that of others," and declined his favours. After returning to Ireland he went over to Scotland, in 513, accompanied by twelve friends, all of whose names have been preserved. The boat in which he sailed was of osiers, covered with hides, and a representation of it still remains in a large mound erected on the coast of Iona, in the place where he is said to have landed. The Druids, who at that time had a predominating influence in these regions of Scotland, opposed him violently, and at times his life was in danger, but he was always mercifully preserved. His humble confidence in God is evinced by his reply to a Druid, who threatened to cause a storm when he should have gone to sea. "All things," said Columba, "are under the control of the omnipotent God; and every motion of mine is undertaken in his name, and guided wholly by his direction."

The excellence of his behaviour, the benevolence of all his conduct, his diligence and discretion, soon gained him great influence, even

among those who had been the most hostile, and he was the means of doing much to promote the cause of true religion. He encouraged the barbarous people, who as yet probably paid little attention to agriculture, to attend to the cultivation of their land, setting them an example in raising fruits and grains. He caused copies to be made of valuable works, and did much to instruct the people in useful knowledge. He acted as a physician, requiring no return except on the part of those who were able to show some act of kindness to the destitute. He endeavoured to combine spiritual relief with bodily benefit, using all his influence for their eternal welfare, while his principal object was never lost sight of, their spiritual improvement—the salvation of their souls. He was very careful to do nothing that might seem unkind or unjust; and when, on one occasion, some person was offended that some stakes had been cut off his ground, these being considered a kind of common property, which any might appropriate who pleased, he directed a valuable compensation to be made immediately. It was his rule “to undertake no work, or engage in any business, without having first invoked the blessing of God.” When about to preach any where, he prayed first for the Divine presence. When he or his friends were about to separate to undertake a journey, he besought the Divine care and blessing. When any medicine was administered, or any advice was given, it was accompanied by prayer; and he was particular in noting the answers to his prayers by which God manifested his approbation of his faith. Three things he is said to have asked particularly, first, that he might never refuse a reasonable request; second, that his love of God, and zeal for his glory, might never languish; third, that all his friends and relatives might live in peace with one another. He allowed nothing to interfere with his regular devotions, three times in the day, and as often in the night his rules required attention to this duty; while three psalms were sung daily, and on the Sabbaths and Saturdays a larger number. Like the Hermit of Parnell, he might be said to have made

“Prayer all his business—all his pleasure, praise.”

The Scriptures were studied by him with great attention, accompanied by prayer and fasting. He is said to have spent whole days and nights in the investigation of difficult passages. He spent much time in copying valuable books, in order to multiply them the more in days when printing was unknown. He is said to have copied with his own hand more than three hundred volumes, and was engaged in this work till a short time before his death. He was especially careful to have accuracy, noting even the want of a single letter. Like the palm tree, he brought forth fruit in old age; like the path of the just, his course was brighter and brighter to the end. As he felt the termination of his life approaching he endeavoured to console and strengthen his disciples, to whom his departure would be so great a loss. When the Sabbath had come, he said—“In the sacred Scriptures this day is called Sabbath, which means rest, and truly this day is a Sabbath to me, for of this my toilsome life this day shall be the last: henceforth I shall keep Sabbath. This night of the Lord’s day I shall go the way of the fathers.” He was still able to walk about, though obliged to rest himself occasionally. As he sat down his old

horse came up to him and laid his head upon the breast of the master, who had treated him with so much kindness. Some one wished to drive him away, but Columba would not allow it.

When he had returned home he called for his writing materials, and employed himself in transcribing the Psalter. Having reached the tenth verse of the thirty-fourth Psalm, "They that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing," he paused and said—"Here let the page and my life end together; another may finish it." In the evening, after religious services, he dictated his parting counsel to his disciples. "My little children," so it ran, "I commend to you as my last words this admonition, to have mutual and unfeigned charity among yourselves. Follow the example of holy men of GOD; the strength of the LORD will help, and I, too, already with him, will pray for you that you may enjoy all good things, both in this life and that which is to come: that the reward promised to them who keep the divine commandments may be given to you." At midnight he arose when the bell announced the hour of prayer, and was in the chapel before any of his disciples. When they entered they found him prostrate on the floor; and, raising him up, perceived a celestial brightness beaming on his countenance. Making a sign to him that they asked his blessing, he lifted up his hand with a smile of heavenly joy, and then breathed his last as one sinking into gentle slumbers. Like the great Missionary who came from heaven to earth to rescue our ruined race from everlasting woe, while he blessed them he departed. "Such," says one of his immediate successors, who wrote his biography, "such was the termination of the life of our illustrious patron. He has joined the fathers, and become united with apostles and prophets, and companion of the eternal triumphs which the Scriptures teach us that they enjoy. He forms one of the pure and spotless myriads who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who follow him whithersoever he goeth: raised to this high honour by the LORD JESUS CHRIST himself, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be honour, virtue, praise, glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

"——— sublime recluse!

The recreant soul that loves to shun the debt  
Imposed on human kind, must first forget  
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use  
Of a long life, and in the hour of death,  
The last dear service of thy parting breath."

[To be continued.]

#### THE LIFE OF JOHN KNOX.

The Westminster Review contains in a late number an able article on the life and character of the great Scottish reformer. It is pleasing to find that eminent men like Calvin, Knox, and Cromwell, who have so long been overwhelmed with obloquy on account of their uncompromising integrity, and their unyielding advocacy of the rights of God and man, are now beginning to receive from the world the honour they deserve. We regret that we cannot re-publish the entire article: what we select will be found well worthy of perusal and preservation.—ED.



## THE REFORMERS.

We are apt to picture the reformers to ourselves as a set of gloomy fanatics, such men as Scott has drawn in Balfour of Burley or Ephraim Macbriar. On close acquaintance, however, they appear as little like fanatics as any set of men ever were. The great thing about which they were anxious was to get rid of sin and reform their lives.

Lost in their number, and as yet undistinguished among them, was John Knox. Theodore Beza tells us, that early in his life he had drawn on himself the animadversions of the authorities of the University by his lectures; but this is not consistent with his own account of himself, and it is clear that he remained quietly and slowly making up his mind, till within a year of James's death, before he finally left the Catholic church.

## KNOX'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

That he was so long in taking his first step is not easily to be reconciled with the modern theory that he was an eager and noisy demagogue. Nor, after he had declared himself a Protestant, was there any appearance of a disposition to put himself forward; he settled down to plain, quiet work as private tutor in a gentleman's family. Whoever wishes to understand Knox's character ought seriously to think of this: an ambitious man with talents such as his, does not wait till middle age to show himself. Vanity, fanaticism, impatience of control, these are restless, noisy passions, and a man who was possessed by them would not be found at forty teaching the children of a poor Scotch laird.

## DEATH OF WISHART.

Wishart was taken by treachery, and knew instantly what was before him. Knox refused to leave him, and insisted on sharing his fate; but Wishart forced him away. "Nay," he said, "return to your bairns; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice." It was rapidly ended. He was hurried away, and tried by what the cardinal called form of law, and burnt under the walls of the castle; the cardinal himself, the archbishop of Glasgow, and other prelates, reclining on velvet cushions, in a window, while the execution was proceeded within the court before their eyes. As the consequences of this action were very serious, it is as well to notice one point about it, one of many—but this one will for the present be sufficient. The execution was illegal. The regent had given no warrant to Beaton, or to any other prelate, to proceed against Wishart; to an application for such a warrant, he had indeed returned a direct and positive refusal; and the execution was, therefore, not in a moral sense only, but according to the literal wording of the law, *murder*. The state of the case, in plain terms, was this. A private Scottish subject, for that he was a cardinal and a papal legate made not the slightest difference, was taking upon himself to kill, of his own private motion, another Scottish subject who was obnoxious to him. That the executive government refused to interfere with him in such proceedings does not alter the character of them; it appears to us, indeed, that by such a refusal the government itself forfeited the allegiance of the nation; but, at any rate, Beaton was guilty of murder, and whatever punishment is due to such crimes he must be held to have deserved.



## DEATH OF BEATON.

We shall tell the story of what followed in Knox's own words, his very narrative of it having itself been made matter of weighty accusation against him. The cardinal, having some misgivings as to the temper of the people, was hastily fortifying his castle. Wishart had been burnt in the winter; it was now the beginning of the summer, and the nights were so short that the workmen never left the walls.

"Early upon Saturday in the morning, the 29th of May, the gates being open, and the drawbridge let down for receiving of lime and stone, William Kircaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, if my lord cardinal was waking? who answered, 'No,'—and so it was indeed; for he had been busy at his accounts with Mistress Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the private postern that morning, and therefore quietness, after the rules of physic, and a morning's sleep were requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them look to the work and the workmen, approached Norman Leslie with his company, and because they were no great number, they easily got entrance. They address them to the middle of the closs, and immediately come John Leslie somewhat rudely and four persons with him."

Knox goes on to tell how these young men, sixteen in all, seized the castle, turning every one out of it, and by threat of fire forced the cardinal to open the door of the room where he had barricaded himself; and then he continues:—

"The cardinal sate down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest—I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' Then John Leslie struck him once or twice, and so did Peter Carmichael. But James Melvin—a man of nature most gentle, and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting to him the point of his sword, he said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr. George Wishart, which albeit the flames of fire consumed before men, yet cries it with a vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee, but only because thou hast been and remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his holy evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a sword; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest—I am a priest—fie, fie, all is gone.'"

## COMMENTS UPON THIS.

"The foulest crime," exclaimed Chalmers, "which ever stained a country." . . . "It is very horrid, yet, at the same time, amusing," says Mr. Hume, "to consider the joy, alacrity, and pleasure which Knox discovers in his narrative of it," and so on through all the historians.

"Expectes eadem summo minimoque poetâ,"

even those most favourable to the Reformers, not venturing upon more than an apologetic disapproval. With the most unaccountable perversity they leave out of sight, or in the shade, the crimes of Beaton; and seeing only that he was put to death by men who had no legal authority to execute him, they can see in their action nothing but an outbreak of ferocity. We cannot waste our time in arguing the question. The estates of Scotland not only passed an amnesty for all parties concerned, but declared that they had deserved well of their country in being true to the laws of it, when the legitimate guardians of the laws forgot their duty; and, surely, any judgment which will consider the matter without temper, will arrive at the same conclusion. As to Mr. Hume's "horror and amusement" at Knox's narrative: if we ask ourselves what a clear-eyed, sound-hearted man ought to have felt on such an occasion, we shall feel neither one nor the other. Is the irony so out of place? If such a man, living such a life, and calling himself a priest and a cardinal, be not an object of irony, we do not know what irony is for. Nor can we tell where a man who believes in a just God, could find fitter matter for exultation, than in the punishment which struck down a powerful criminal, whose position appeared to secure him from it.

#### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

A church which should seem to have authority, and yet which should be a powerless instrument of the State; a rule of faith apparently decisive and consistent, and yet so little decisive, and so little consistent, that, to Protestants it could speak as Protestant, and to Catholics as Catholic; which should at once be vague, and yet definite; diffident, and yet peremptory; and yet which should satisfy the religious necessities of a serious and earnest people; such a midgemadge as this (as Cecil described it, when, a few years later, it was in the process of reconstruction under his own eye,) suited the genius of the English, but to the reformers of other countries it was a hopeless perplexity. John Knox could never find himself at home in it.

#### KNOX'S KNOWLEDGE OF CHARACTER.

At no time of his life, as far as we have means of knowing, was he ever mistaken in the nature of the persons with whom he had to deal; and he was not less remarkable for the fearlessness with which he would say what he thought of them. If we wish to find the best account of Edward's ministers, we must go to the surviving fragments of Knox's sermons for it, which were preached in their own presence. His duty as a preacher he supposed to consist, not in delivering homilies against sin in general, but in speaking to this man and that man, to kings, and queens, and dukes, and earls, of their own sinful acts as they sat below him; and they all quailed before him. We hear much of his power in the pulpit, and this was the secret of it. Never, we suppose, before nor since, have the ears of great men grown so hot upon them, or such words been heard in the courts of princes. "I am greatly afraid," he said once, "that Ahithophel is counsellor; and Shebnah is scribe, controller, and treasurer." And Ahithophel and Shebnah were both listening to his judgment of them: the first in the

person of the then omnipotent Duke of Northumberland; and the second in that of Lord Treasurer Paulet, Marquis of Winchester.

#### HIS SELF-CONDEMNATION.

It would not be thought that, after he had dared the anger of the Duke of Northumberland, he could be accused of want of boldness or plainness of speech, and yet, in his own judgment of himself, he had been a mere coward:—

“This day my conscience accuseth me that I spake not so plainly as my duty was to have done, for I ought to have said to the wicked man expressly by his name, thou shalt die the death; for I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so, and not only he, but also Elijah, Elisha, Micah, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself. I accuse none but myself; the love that I did bear to this my wicked carcass, was the chief cause that I was not faithful or fervent enough in that behalf. I had no will to provoke the hatred of men. I would not be seen to proclaim manifest war against the manifest wicked, whereof unfeignedly I ask my God mercy. . . . And besides this, I was assaulted, yea, infected and corrupted with more gross sins—that is, my wicked nature desired the favour, the estimation, the praise of men. Against which, albeit that some time the Spirit of God did move me to fight, and earnestly did stir me—God knoweth I lie not—to sob and lament for those imperfections, yet never ceased they to trouble me, and so privily and craftily that I could not perceive myself to be wounded till vain-glory had almost gotten the upper hand.”

And again, with still more searching self-reproof:—

“I have sometimes been in that security that I felt not dolour for sin, neither yet displeasure against myself for any iniquity; but rather my vain heart did then flatter myself—(I write the truth to my own confusion)—thou hast suffered great trouble for professing Christ’s truth; God has done great things for thee, delivering thee from that most cruel bondage. He has placed thee in a most honourable vocation, and thy labours are not without fruit; therefore thou oughtest rejoice and give praises to God. Oh, mother, this was a subtle serpent who could thus pour in venom, I not perceiving it.”

God help us all, we say, if this is sin. And yet, if we think of it, is not such self-abnegation the one indispensable necessity for all men, and most of all for a reformer of the world, if his reformation is to be any thing except a change of one evil for a worse? Who can judge others who has not judged himself?—or who can judge *for* others while his own small self remains at the bottom of his heart, as the object for which he is mainly concerned? For a reformer there is no sin more fatal; and unless, like St. Paul, he can be glad, if necessary, to be made even ‘anathema for his brethren,’ he had better leave reforming alone.

#### KNOX AT GENEVA.

The years which Knox spent at Geneva were, probably, the happiest in his life. Essentially a peace-loving man, as all good men are, he found himself, for the first time, in a sound and wholesome atmosphere. Mrs. Bowes and her daughter, after a time, were able to join him there; and, with a quiet congregation to attend to, and with Calvin for a friend, there was nothing left for him to desire which



such a man could expect life to yield. "The Geneva Church," he said, "is the most perfect school of Christ that ever was on earth since the days of the apostles." And let us observe his reason for saying so. "In other places," he adds, "I confess Christ to be truly preached, but *manners* and religion so sincerely reformed I have not yet seen in any other place besides." He could have been well contented to have lived out his life at Geneva; as, long after, he looked wistfully back to it, and longed to return and die there. But news from Scotland soon disturbed what was but a short breathing time. The Marian persecution had filled the Lowlands with preachers, and the shifting politics of the time had induced the court to connive at, if not to encourage them. The queen-mother had manœuvred the regency into her own hand, but, in doing so, had offended the Hamiltons, who were the most powerful of the Catholic families; and, at the same time, the union of England and Spain had obliged the French court to temporize with the Huguenots. The Catholic vehemence of the Guises was neutralized by the broader sympathies of Henry the Second, who, it was said, "would shake hands with the devil, if he could gain a purpose by it;" and thus, in France and in Scotland, which was now wholly governed by French influence, the Protestants found every where a temporary respite from ill usage. It was a short-lived anomaly; but in Scotland it lasted long enough to turn the scale, and give them an advantage which was never lost again.

#### HIS RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

Now, therefore, or never, the struggle was to be. Knox left Geneva, with Calvin's blessing, for a country where he was under sentence of death, and where his appearance would be the signal either for the execution of it or for war. Civil war it could scarcely be called, it would be a war of the Scottish nation against their sovereign supported by a foreign army; but even so, no one knew better than he that armed resistance to a sovereign was the last remedy to which subjects ought to have recourse—a remedy which they are only justified in seeking when to obey man is to disobey God; or to use more human language, when it is no longer possible for them to submit to their sovereign without sacrificing the highest interests of life. However, such a time he felt was now come. After the specimen which the Catholics had given of their notion of a reformation, to leave the religious teaching of an earnest people in their hands was scarcely better than leaving it to the devil; and if it was impossible to wrest it from them except by rebellion, the crime would lie at the door of those who had made rebellion necessary. Crime, indeed, there always is at such times; and treason is not against persons, but against the law of right and justice. If it be treason to resist the authority except in the last extremity, yet when such extremity has arisen, it has arisen through the treason of the authority itself; and, therefore, bad princes, who have obliged their subjects to depose them, are justly punished with the extremest penalties of human justice. That is the naked statement of the law, however widely it may be necessary to qualify it, in its application to life.

#### HIS LANDING.

On the 2d of May, 1559, Knox landed in Scotland; crossing over, by a curious coincidence, in the same ship which brought in the new

great seal of the kingdom, with the arms of England quartered upon it. The moment was a critical one; for the preachers were all assembled at Perth preparatory to appearing at Stirling on the 10th of the same month, where they were to answer for their lives. Lord Glencairn had reminded the regent of her many promises of toleration; and throwing away the mask at last, she had haughtily answered, that "it became not subjects to burden their princes with promises further than as it pleased them to keep the same." The moment was come, she believed, when she could crush them altogether, and crush them she would. As soon as the arrival of Knox was known, a price was set upon his head; but he determined to join his brother ministers on the spot and share their fortune. He hurried to Perth, where Lord Glencairn and a few other gentlemen had by that time collected, to protect them with some thousand armed followers. The other noblemen were distracted, hesitating, uncertain. Lord James Stuart, and young Lord Argyle, were still with the queen regent; so even was Lord Ruthven, remaining loyal to the last possible moment, and still hoping that the storm might blow over. And the regent still trifled with their credulity as long as they would allow her to impose upon it. Pretending to be afraid of a tumult, she used their influence to prevail upon the preachers to remain where they were, and not to appear on the day fixed for their trial; and the preachers, acting as they were advised, found themselves outlawed for contumacy. It was on a Sunday that the news was brought them of this proceeding, and the people of Perth, being many of them Protestants, Knox, by the general voice was called upon to preach. Let us pause for a few moments to look at him.

#### HIS APPEARANCE AND PREACHING.

He was now fifty-four years old, undersized, but strongly and nervously formed, and with a long beard falling down to his waist. His features were of the pure Scotch cast; the high cheekbone, arched but massive eyebrow, and broad underjaw; with long full eyes, the *steadiness* of which, if we can trust the pictures of him, must have been painful for a man of weak nerves to look at. The mouth free, the lips slightly parted, with the incessant play upon them of that deep power which is properly the sum of all the moral powers of man's nature—the power which we call humour, when it is dealing with venial weakness, and which is bitterest irony and deepest scorn and hatred for wickedness and lies. The general expression is one of repose, but like the repose of the limbs of the Hercules, with a giant's strength traced upon every line of it. Such was the man who was called to fill the pulpit of the High Church of Perth, on the 11th of May, 1559. Of the power of his preaching we have many testimonies, that of Randolph, the English ambassador, being the most terse and striking; that "it stirred his heart more than six hundred trumpets braying in his ears." The subject on this occasion was the one all-comprehensive "*mass*," the idolatry of it; and the good people of Perth, never having heard his voice before, we can understand did not readily disperse when he had done. They would naturally form into groups, compare notes and impressions, and hang a long time about the church before leaving it. In the disorder of the town the same church served, it seems, for sermon and for mass; when



the first was over, the other took its turn: and as Knox had been longer than the priests expected, the latter came in and opened the tabernacle before the congregation were gone. An eager-hearted boy who had been listening to Knox with all his ears, and was possessed by what he had heard, cried out when he saw it, "This is intolerable, that when God has plainly damned idolatry we shall stand by and see it used in despoite." The priest in a rage turned and struck him, his temper naturally being at the moment none of the sweetest; and the boy, as boys sometimes do on such occasions, flung a stone at him in return. Missing the priest he hit the tabernacle, and "did break an image." A small spark is enough when the ground is strewn with gunpowder. In a few moments the whole machinery of the ritual, candles, tabernacle, vestments, crucifixes, images, were scattered to all the winds. The fire burnt the faster for the fuel, and from the church the mob poured away to the monasteries in the town. No lives were lost, but before evening they were gutted and in ruins. The endurance of centuries had suddenly given way, and the anger which for all these years had been accumulating, rushed out like some great reservoir which has burst its embankments and swept every thing before it. To the Protestant leaders this ebullition of a mob, 'the rascal multitude,' as even Knox calls it, was as unwelcome as it was welcome to the queen regent. She swore that "she would cut off from Perth man, woman, and child, that she would drive a plough over it, and sow it with salt;" and she at once marched upon the town to put her threat in execution. The Lords met in haste to determine what they should do, but were unable to determine any thing; and only Lord Glencairn was bold enough to risk the obloquy of being charged with countenancing sedition. When he found himself alone in the assembly, he declared, that "albeit never a man accompanied him, he would stay with the brethren, for he had rather die with that company than live after them." But his example was not followed; all the others thought it better to remain with the regent, and endeavour, though once already so bitterly deceived by her, to mediate and temporize.

#### THE ISSUE.

The town people in the mean time had determined to resist to the last extremity, and the regent was rapidly approaching. With a most creditable anxiety to prevent bloodshed, Lord James Stuart and Lord Argyle prevailed on the burgesses to name the conditions on which they would surrender, and when the latter had consented to do so, if the queen would grant an amnesty for the riot, and would engage that Perth should not be obliged to receive a French garrison, they hurried to lay these terms before her. The regent had no objection to purchase a bloodless victory with a promise which she had no intention of observing. Perth opened its gates; and, marching in at the head of her troops, she deliberately violated every article to which she had bound herself. The French soldiers passing along the High-street fired upon the house of an obnoxious citizen, and killed one of his children' and with an impolitic parade of perfidy the princess replied only to the complaints of the people, that "she was sorry it was the child and not the father," and she left the offending soldiers as the garrison of the town. Her falsehood was as imprudent as it was



abominable. The two noblemen withdrew indignantly from the court, declaring formally that they would not support her in "such manifest tyranny;" and joining themselves openly to Knox, they hastened with him to St. Andrews, where they were presently joined by Lord Ochiltree and Lord Glencairn, and from thence sent out a hasty circular, inviting the gentlemen and Lords of Scotland to assemble for the defence of the kingdom.

*Some one to go first* is half the battle of a revolution, and with such a leader as Knox it is easy to find followers. By the time the regent's troops were under the walls so many thousand knights, gentlemen, and citizens were in arms to receive them, that they shrank back without venturing a blow, and retired within their intrenchments: and thus within six short weeks, for it was no more since Knox landed, the Reformers were left masters of the field, conquerors in an armed revolt which had not cost a single life of themselves or of their enemies, so overwhelming was the force which the appearance of this one man had summoned into action.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SCONE ABBEY.

This passionate iconoclasm has been alternately the glory and the reproach of John Knox, who has been considered alike by friends and enemies the author of it. For the purification of the churches there is no doubt that he was responsible to the full, whatever the responsibility may be which attaches to it,—but the destruction of the religious houses was the spontaneous work of the people, which in the outset he looked upon with mere sorrow and indignation. Like Latimer in England, he had hoped to preserve them for purposes of education and charity; and it was only after a warning which sounded in the ears as if it came from Heaven, that he stood aloof, and let the popular anger have its way; they had been nests of profligacy for ages; the earth was weary of their presence upon it; and when the retribution fell, it was not for him to arrest or interfere with it. Scone Abbey, the residence of the Bishop of Murray, was infamous, even in that infamous time, for the vices of its occupants; and the bishop himself having been active in the burning of Walter Milne, had thus provoked and deserved the general hatred. After the French garrison was driven out of Perth, he was invited to appear at the conference of the lords, but unwilling or afraid to come forward he blockaded himself in the abbey. A slight thing is enough to give the first impulse to a stone which is ready to fall; the town people of Perth and Dundee, having long scores to settle with him and with the brotherhood, caught at the opportunity, and poured out and surrounded him. John Knox, with the provost of Perth and what force they could muster, hurried to the scene to prevent violence, and for a time succeeded; Knox himself we find keeping guard all one night at the granary door: but the mob did not disperse; and prowling ominously round the walls, in default of other weapons, made free use of their tongues. From sharp words to sharp strokes is an almost inevitable transition on such occasions. In the gray of the morning, a *son of the bishop* ran an artisan of Dundee through the body, and in an instant the entire mass of the people dashed upon the gates. The hour of Scone was come. Knox was lifted gently on one side, and in a few minutes the abbey was in a blaze. As he stood watching the destruc-

tion, "a poor aged matron," he tells us, "who was near him, seeing the flame of fire pass up so mightily, and perceiving that many were thereat offended, in plain and sober manner of speaking said, 'Now I perceive that God's judgments are just, and that no man is able to save when he will punish.' Since my remembrance, this place has been nothing but a den of whoremongers. It is incredible to believe how many wives have been adulterated, and virgins deflowered, by the filthy beasts which have been fostered in this den, but especially by that wicked man who is called the bishop. If all men knew as much as I, they would praise God, and no man would be offended."

#### FIRST BOOK OF DISCIPLINE.

A body of laws was drawn up by Knox, known commonly by the name of the First Book of Discipline, and offered to the private consideration of the lords. So many of them at first subscribed their names to it, that it was formally submitted to debate. But, as Maitland again observed, they had subscribed most of them "*in fide parentum*, as children were baptized;" and "certain persons," Knox tells us, "perceiving their carnal liberty to be somewhat impaired thereby, grudged; insomuch that the name of the Book of Discipline became odious to them. Every thing which repugned to their corrupt affections was termed in their mockage, 'Devout Imaginations.'"

Of the "Devout Imaginations," so much was actually realized, that laws were passed with punishments annexed to them, against adultery, fornication and drunkenness, while the mass was prohibited for ever, under penalty, for the first offence, of confiscation; for the second, of banishment; for the third, of death.

Oh! intolerance without excuse! exclaim the modern liberals; themselves barely emancipated from persecution, the first act of these Protestants is to retaliate with the same odious cruelty; clamouring for the liberty of conscience, they do but supersede one tyranny by another, more narrow and exclusive, &c. This, at bottom, we believe, is the most grievous of all Knox's offences, the one sin never to be forgiven by the enlightened mind of the nineteenth century. Let us see what can be said about it. . . . In England, a Catholic *could not be* a good citizen: in Scotland, he *was not* an honest man. The products of Catholicism there, as the experience of centuries proved, were nothing better than hypocrisy and licentiousness; and, finding in the Bible that "the idolater should die the death," and finding the mass producing the exact fruits which the same Bible connected with idolatry, the Scotch Reformers could as little tolerate Catholics as they could tolerate thieves or murderers. We are, therefore, inclined to dismiss this outcry of intolerance as meaningless and foolish. In the absolute prohibition of the mass lay, when rightly understood, the heart of the entire movement; and, in the surrender of this one point, as they soon experienced to their sorrow, they lost all which they had gained.

#### KNOX AND QUEEN MARY.

The queen lost no time in measuring her strength against Knox, and looking her real enemy in the face. A week after her landing, she sent for him; and the first of those interviews took place in which



he is said to have behaved so brutally. Violence was not her policy; she affected only a wish to see the man of whom she had heard so much, and her brother was present as a blind. We confess ourselves unable to discover the supposed brutality. Knox for many years had been the companion of great lords and princes; his manner, if that is important, had all the calmness and self-possession which we mean by the word high-breeding; and unless it be the duty of a subject to pretend to agree with his sovereign, whether he really agrees or not, it is difficult to know how he could have conducted himself otherwise than he did. She accused him of disaffection towards her. He said that she should find him dutiful and obedient wherever his conscience would allow him. She complained of the exception, and talked in the Stuart style of the obligation of subjects. He answered in instancing the Jews under the Babylonian princes, and the early Christians under the emperors:—

“‘But they resisted not with the sword,’ she said.

“‘God, madam,’ he replied, ‘had not given them the means.’

“‘Then, you think subjects having power may resist their princes,’ she said.

“‘If the princes exceed their bounds, madam,’ was his answer, ‘and do against that wherefor they should be obeyed, there is no doubt that they may be resisted even by force. For there is neither greater honour nor greater obedience to be given to kings or princes than God has commanded to be given to fathers and mothers; but so it is that the father may be stricken with a frenzy, in the which he would slay his own children. Now, madam, if the children arise, join themselves together, apprehend the father, take the sword and other weapons from him, and finally, bind his hands, and keep him in prison till that his frenzy be overpast; think ye, madam, that the children do any wrong? It is even so with princes that would murder the children of God that are subject unto them. Their blind zeal is nothing but a mad frenzy, and therefore to take the sword from them, to bind their hands, and to cast them into prison, till that they be brought to a more sober mind, is no disobedience against princes, but just obedience, because that it agreeth with the will of God.’”

He had touched the heart of the matter; the queen “stood as it were amazed,” and said nothing for a quarter of an hour. But is there any thing disrespectful in this? Surely it was very good advice, which would have saved her life if she had followed it; and, for the manner, it would have been more disrespectful if, because he was speaking to a woman, he had diluted his solemn convictions with soft and unmeaning phrases. “He is not afraid,” some of the courtiers whispered as he passed out. “Why,” he answered, “should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked on the faces of many angry men, and have not been afraid above measure.” Dr. M’Crie has spoilt this by inventing “a sarcastic scowl” for him on this occasion. Men like Knox do not ‘scowl sarcastically,’ except in novels, and Dr. M’Crie was forgetting himself. We can only conjecture what the queen thought of Knox. Tears, as we know, were her resource, and we have heard enough and too much of these; but they answered their purpose with her brother. “Mr. Knox hath spoken with the queen,” Randolph writes to Cecil, “and he made her



weep, as well you know there be of that sex that will do that for anger as for grief; though in this the Lord James will disagree with me." Of her, Knox said on the day of the interview, "In communication with her I espied such craft, as I have not found in such age. If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God, and against his truth, my judgment faileth me." But, for the time, he was alone in this judgment; he could neither prevent the first concession of the mass, nor could he afterwards have it recalled, even when the results began to show themselves. And let us acknowledge that no set of gentlemen were ever placed in a harder position than this Council of Scotland; it is more easy to refuse a request which is backed by sword and cannon, than when it is in the lips of a young and beautiful princess; and their compliance cost them dear enough without the hard opinion of posterity. But it was from no insensibility of nature that Knox was so loud in his opposition; it was because evil was evil, let the persuasive force be what it would; and the old story that the soundest principle is the soundest policy, was witnessed to once more by thirteen years of crime and misery, due, all of it, to that one mistake.

He had been told to wait (on one occasion when called by the queen in the ante-room, and being out of favour at court, "he stood in the chamber, although it was crowded with people who knew him, as one whom men had never seen." So, perceiving some of the young palace ladies sitting there, in their gorgeous apparel, like a gentleman as he was, he began to "forge talking" with them. Perhaps it will again be thought brutal in him to have frightened these delicate beauties, by suggesting unpleasant recollections. All depends on the way he did it; and if he did it like himself, there was no reason why, once in their lives, they should not listen to a few words of reason:—

"Oh, fair ladies," he said to them, "how pleasing were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end, that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not, and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearls, nor precious stones."

This was no homily or admonition escaped out of a sermon, but a pure piece of genuine feeling, right out from Knox's heart. The sight of the poor pretty creatures affected him. Very likely he could not help it.

#### THE DARNLEY MARRIAGE AND MURDER.

The Darnley marriage, however, which appeared so full of promise, was the one irretrievable step which ruined every thing, and we can easily understand how it came to be so. Mary married for a political object, but she had overcalculated her powers of endurance, and though she must have known Darnley to be a fool, she had not counted on his being an unmanageable one. If he would have been passive in her hands—if he could have had the discretion not to have seen her vices, and would have been contented with so much favour as she was pleased to show him—all would have gone well; but he was foolish enough to resent and revenge his disgrace, and then to implore her

to forgive him for having revenged it; and although her anger might have spared him, her contempt could not. There is no occasion for us to enter again upon that story. It is enough that, having brought her cause to the very crisis of success by a skill and perseverance without parallel in history, she flung it away with as unexampled a recklessness, and, instead of being the successful champion of her faith, she became its dishonour and its shame.

At the time of the murder, and during the months which followed it, Knox was in England; he returned, however, immediately on the flight of Bothwell, and was one of the council which sat to determine what should be done with the queen. It has been repeatedly stated that, in the course which was ultimately taken, the lords violated promises which they made to her before her surrender; but there is no reason for thinking so. The condition of a more lenient treatment was a definite engagement to abandon her husband; and, so far from consenting to abandon him, she declared to the last that "she would follow him in a linen kirtle round the world." But if the imprisonment at Lochleven appears to some amiable person so inhuman and so barbarous, there was a party who regarded that measure as culpable leniency. Knox, with the ministers of the kirk, demanded that she should be brought to an open trial, and that, if she were found guilty of her husband's murder, she should be punished as any private person would be who committed the same crime. We have found hitherto that when there was a difference of opinion between him and the other statesmen, the event appeared to show that he, and not they, had been right;—right in the plain common-sense, human view;—and the same continues to hold on the present occasion.

We are most of us agreed that the enormity of crimes increases in the ratio of the rank of the offender; that when persons, whom the commonwealth has intrusted with station and power, commit murder and adultery, their guilt is as much greater in itself, as the injury to society is greater from the effects of their example. But to acknowledge this in words, and yet to say that, when sovereigns are the offenders, sovereigns must be left to God, and may not be punished by man, is equivalent to claiming for them exemption from punishment altogether, and, in fact, to denying the divine government of the world. God does not work miracles to punish sinners; he punishes the sins of men by the hands of men. It is the law of the earth, as the whole human history from the beginning of time witnesses. Not the sovereign prince or princess, but the law of almighty God is supreme in this world; and wherever God gives the *power* to execute it, we may be sure that it is His will that those who hold the power are to use it. If there is to be mercy any where for offenders, if any human beings at all are to be exempted from penalties, the exceptions are to be looked for at the other extreme of the scale, among the poor and the ignorant, who have never had means of knowing better.

If, therefore, Mary Stuart was guilty, we cannot but think that Knox knew best how to deal with her; and if the evidence, which really convinced all Scotland and England at the time that guilty she was, had been publicly, formally, and judicially brought forward, it would have been to the large advantage both of herself and the world that then was, and of all after generations. She, if then she had



ascended the scaffold, would have been spared seventeen more years of crime. Scotland would have been spared a miserable civil war, of which the mercy that was shown her was the cause; and the world that came after would have been spared the waste of much unprofitable sympathy, and a controversy already three centuries long, which shows no sign of ending. It is one thing, we are well aware, to state in this hard, naked way, what ought to have been done; and quite another to have done it. Perhaps no action was ever demanded of any body of men which required more moral courage. But for all that Knox was right. In the Bible, which was the canon of his life, he found no occasion for believing that kings and queens were, *ex officio*, either exempted from committing sins, or exempted from being punished for them. He saw in Mary a conspirator against the cause which he knew to be the cause of truth and justice, and he saw her visited, as it were, with penal blindness, staggering headlong into crime as the necessary and retributive consequence. For centuries these poor Scotch had endured these adulteries, and fornications, and they had risen up, at the risk of their lives, and purged them away; and here was a woman, who had availed herself of her position as their queen, "to set the devil free again," and become herself high priestess in his temple. With what justice could any offender be punished more, if she were allowed to escape? Escape, indeed, she did not. Vengeance fell, at last, on all who were concerned in that accursed business. Bothwell died, mad, in a foreign prison; the Archbishop of St. Andrews was hanged; Maitland escaped the executioner by poison; and Mary herself was still more sternly punished, by being allowed to go on, heaping crime on crime, till she, too, ended her life on the scaffold. But instead of accusing Knox of ferocity and hardness of heart, we will rather say that he only, and those who felt with him and followed him, understood what was required alike by the majesty of justice and the real interests of the world.

The worst, however, was now over: the cause of the Catholics was disgraced beyond recovery: the queen was dethroned and powerless; and the reformers were once more able to go forward with their work. Even so, they were obliged to content themselves with less than they desired; possibly they had been over-sanguine from the first, and had persuaded themselves that more fruit might be gathered out of man's nature, than man's nature has been found capable of yielding; but it seemed as if the queen had flung a spell over the country from which, even after she was gone, it could not recover. Her name, as long as she was alive, was a rallying cry for disaffection, and those who were proof against temptation from her, took little pains to resist temptation from their own selfishness. The Earl of Morton, one of the most conspicuous professors of Protestantism, disgraced it with his profligacy; and many more disgraced it by their avarice. The abbey lands were too little for their large digestions. The office of bishops had been abolished in the church, but the maintenance of them, as an institution, was convenient for personal purposes; the noble lords nominating some friend or kinsman to the sees as they fell vacant, who, without duties and without ordination, received the revenues and paid them over to their patrons, accepting such salary in return as was considered sufficient for their discreditable service.



## REGENT MURRAY.

Yet, if there was shadow there was more sunshine, and quite enough to make Knox's heart glad at last. The Earl of Murray was invited by the estates to undertake the regency; and this itself is a proof that they were sound at heart, for without doubt he was the best and the ablest man among them. The illegitimate son of James the Fifth, whatever virtue was left in the Stuart blood, had been given to him to compensate for his share in it, and while he was very young he had drawn the attention of the French and English courts, as a person of note and promise.

After remaining loyal as long as loyalty was possible to the queen-mother, he attached himself, as we saw, to John Knox, and became the most powerful leader of the Reformation. Bribes and threats were made use of to detach him from it, but equally without effect; even a cardinal's red hat was offered him by Catherine if he would sell his soul for it. But for such a distinction he had as little ambition as Knox himself could have had, and his only mistake arose from a cause for which we can scarcely blame his understanding, while it showed the nobleness of his heart: he believed too well, and he hoped too much of his father's daughter, and his affection for her made him blind. For her he quarrelled with his best friends; and he defended her mass, and was for years her truest and most faithful servant: and she rewarded his affection with hatred, and his fidelity with plots for his murder. Whatever uprightness was seen in the first years of her administration was his work, for which she little thanked him; and the Scotch people, even while they deplored the position in which he had placed himself, yet could not refuse him their love for it. When he saw at last the course to which she had surrendered herself, he withdrew in shame from the court; he had no share in her deposition; he left Scotland after the murder, only returning to it when he was invited to take upon himself the regency and the guardianship of his nephew; and he came back saddened into a truer knowledge of mankind, and a determination to do his duty, cost him what it would. He could be no stranger to what the world would say of him. He knew that those who had tried already to murder him, would make their plots surer, and their daggers sharper now—but he dared it all, and the happiest three years that Scotland had known were those of his government. The thieves of the Border were held down; the barons were awed or coerced into respect for property and life, and the memory of these golden years lived long in the admiring regret of less favoured times. Even the Book of Discipline, though it could not be passed in its fulness, yet became law in many of its most important provisions. Among others let us look at the punishment which was decreed against fornicators:—

“On the first offence they are to pay eighty pounds (Scots,) or be committed to prison for eight days, and there fed only upon bread and the smallest beer. They are afterwards, on the next market-day, to be placed in some conspicuous situation, whence they may easily be seen by every one, there to remain from ten o'clock till twelve, with their heads uncovered, and bound with rings of iron. For the second offence the penalty is one hundred and thirty pounds, or sixteen days' imprisonment, on bread and water; their heads to be

shaved, and themselves to be exposed as before. For the third offence, two hundred pounds, or forty-eight days' imprisonment; and then, after having been three times dipped in deep water, to be banished the town or parish."

We talk of the progress of the species, and we are vain of our supposed advance in the virtues of civilized humanity, but no such wholesome horror of sensuality is displayed among ourselves. We shall perhaps insist that this law was a dead letter, that it could not have been enforced, and that to enact laws which are above the working level of morality, is to bring law itself into disrespect. But there is reason to think that it was not altogether a dead letter, and there was a special provision that "gryt men offending in syk crimes should receive the same as the puir;" under which one noble lady at least actually suffered, though for a different offence.

But nations, it will be said, cannot be governed in this way; and for the present, such is the "hardness of our hearts," it is unfortunately true that they cannot. Hereafter, perhaps, if progress is any thing but a name, more may admit of being done with human nature; but while we remain at our present level, any such high demands upon it are likely to turn out failures. In the mean time, however, if, by the grace of the upper powers, sufficient virtue has been found in a body of people to endure such a law for however brief periods, we suppose that such periods are the light points in the history of mankind: and achievements like this of Murray's among the best and noblest which man has been permitted to accomplish.

It is not a little touching to find that Knox, when the country was at last in the right hands, thought now of leaving it, and of going back to end his days in peace at Geneva. He had fought the fight, he had finished the work which was given him to do; it was imperfect, but with the given materials more could not be done; and as it had been by no choosing of his own that so great a part had fallen to him, so now, when it seemed played out, and his presence no longer necessary, he would gladly surrender a position in itself so little welcome to him.

"God comfort that little flock," he wrote, about this time, "among whom I lived with quietness of conscience, and contentment of heart; and amongst whom I would be content to end my days, if so it might stand with God's good pleasure. For seeing it hath pleased His Majesty above all men's expectations to prosper the work, for the performing whereof I left that company, I would even as gladly return to them, as ever I was glad to be delivered from the rage of mine enemies."

Surely we should put away our notion of the ferocious fanatic with the utmost speed. The heart of Knox was full of loving and tender affections. He could not, as he said himself, "bear to see his own bairns greet when his hand chastised them."

If he had then gone back to Geneva, and heard no more of Scotland; or if he had died at the same time at which he had thought of going, he might have passed away, like Simeon, with a *nunc Dimittis Domine*, believing that the salvation of his country was really come. So, however, it was not to be. Four more years were still before him; years of fresh sorrows, crimes, and calamities. His place, to



the last, was in the battle, and he was to die upon the field; and if rest was in store for him, he was to find it elsewhere, and not in the thing which we call life—

Τις οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ κατθανεῖν  
Τὸ κατθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν.

The why and the how is all mystery. Our business is with the fact as we find it, which wise men accept nobly, and do not quarrel with it.

#### FLIGHT OF MARY.

The flight of Mary from Lochleven was the signal for the re-opening the civil war. If she had been taken at Langside, she would have been immediately executed; but by her escape into England, and by the uncertainty of Elizabeth's policy respecting her, she was able to recall the act by which she had abdicated her crown, and reassert her right as sovereign, with the countenance, as it appeared in Scotland, of the English queen. Her being allowed an ambassador in London, and Elizabeth's refusal to confirm her deposition, led all parties to believe that, before long, there would be an active interference in her favour; and the hope, if it was no more, was sufficient to keep the elements of discord from being extinguished. As long as Murray was alive it was unable to break out into flame, but more dangerously, and at last fatally for him, it took the form of private conspiracy to take him off by assassination. John Knox, in the bitterness of his heart, blamed Elizabeth for Murray's death. He had never understood or liked her, and when her own ministers were unable to realize the difficulty of dealing with Mary, when even they, after the share of the latter in the rising of the North was discovered, were ready to crush the "bosom serpent," as they called her, without further scruple, it was not likely that he would not forgive the protection which had cost his country its truest servant. Perhaps, when we think of the bitterness with which Elizabeth's memory has been assailed on account of this wretched woman, even after the provocation of seventeen more years of wickedness, we can better appreciate her hesitation. Knox demanded that she should be delivered up to justice; and for the peace of Scotland, and of England, too, it would have been well had his demand been acceded to. Many a crime would have been spared, and many a head would have lain down on an unbloody pillow, which was sliced away by the executioner's axe in that bad cause, and yet there are few of our readers who will not smile at the novel paradox, that Elizabeth treated Mary Stuart with too much leniency. Elizabeth, perhaps, felt for herself, that, "in respect of justice, few of us could 'scape damnation."

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice."

When the rule of right is absolute, at all hazards—even at the hazard of our good name—we must obey it. But beyond all expressed rules or codes lies that large debateable land of equity which the imperfection of human understanding can never map into formulæ, and where the heart alone can feel its way. That other formula, "the idolater shall die the death," if it could have been universally applied, as Knox believed it to be of universal application, would, at the moment at which he uttered it, have destroyed Francis Xavier.



## DEATH OF THE EARL OF MURRAY.

Yet again, let us not condemn Knox. It was that fixed intensity of purpose which alone sustained him in those stormy waters; and he may rightly have demanded what Elizabeth might not rightly concede. His prayer on the murder of the Regent is finely characteristic of him. It was probably extempore, and taken down in note by some one who heard it:—

“Oh Lord, what we shall add to the former petitions we know not; yet alas, oh Lord, our conscience bears us record that we are unworthy that thou shouldst continue thy graces to us by reason of our horrible ingratitude. In our extreme miseries we called, and thou in the multitude of thy mercies heard us. And first thou delivered us from the tyranny of merciless strangers, next from the bondage of idolatry, and last from the yoke of that wretched woman, the mother of all mischief. And in her place thou didst erect her son, and to supply his infancy thou didst appoint a regent endued with such graces as the devil himself cannot accuse or justly convict him, this only excepted, that foolish pity did so far prevail in him concerning execution and punishment which thou command’st to have been executed upon her and her complices, the murderers of her husband. Oh Lord, in what misery and confusion found he this realm? To what rest and quietness suddenly by his labours he brought the same, all estates, but specially the poor commons, can witness. Thy image, Lord, did so clearly shine in that personage, that the devil, and the wicked, to whom he is prince, could not abide it; and so to punish our sins and ingratitude, who did not rightly esteem so precious a gift, thou hast permitted him to fall, to our great grief, into the hands of cruel and traitorous murderers. He is at rest, oh Lord, and we are left in extreme misery.

“If thy mercy prevent us not, we cannot escape just condemnation, for that Scotland has spared and England has maintained the life of that most wicked woman. Oppose thy power, oh Lord, to the pride of that cruel murderer of her awin husband; confound her faction and their subtle enterprises, and let them and the world know that thou art a God that can deprehend the wise in their own wisdom, and the proud in the imagination of their wicked hearts. Lord, retain us that call upon thee in thy true fear. Give thou strength to us to fight our battles; yea, Lord, to fight it lawfully, and to end our lives in the sanctification of thy holy name.”

In 1570 he was struck with paralysis; he recovered partially, and lived for two more years; but they were years so deplorable that even his heart grew weary and sick within him, and he longed to be gone out of the world. As before, he was the one centre of life round which the ever-flagging energies of the Protestants rallied; but by the necessity of the time, which could not be resisted, the lead of the party fell to one or other of the great noblemen who were small credit to it, and who were following worldly objects under a mask of sanctity. The first regent who succeeded Murray was Darnley’s father, the Earl of Lennox; then he too was murdered, and the Earl of Mar came, and the Earl of Morton, with their *tulchan* bishops; the country tearing itself in pieces, and they unwilling to commit themselves to peremptory action, lest Elizabeth (as they expected that she would)

should restore Mary, and if they had gone too far in opposition to her, they might find it impossible to obtain their pardon. Once more in this distracted time Knox stood out alone, broken with age and sickness, and deserted even by the assembly of the kirk, to brave the storm, and again to conquer in it. He had been required to pray for the queen.

"I pray not for her as queen," he said, "for queen to me she is not; and I am not a man of law that has my tongue to sell for silver or the favour of the world. And for what I have spoken against the adultery and the murder, when I am taught by God's word that the reproof of sin is an evil thing, I shall do as God's word commands me. But unto that time, which will not be till the morn after doomsday, and not then, I hold the sentence given by God to his prophets Jeremy and Ezekiel, to stand for a perpetual law, which, with God's assistance, I follow to my life's end."

#### INGRATITUDE SHOWN TO KNOX.

Not the least painful feature of the present state of things was the disruption of friendships which had stood through all the years of previous trial. The most important leaders of the Marian party were now Maitland of Lethington, and Sir William Kircaldy, both of whom belonged to the first reformers of the revolution, and one of whom we saw long ago among the exiles of St. Andrews; but times were changed, or they were changed, and they were now the bitterest enemies of all for which they then risked life and good name. It was probably Maitland who, feeling the same anxiety to silence Knox as Mary had felt, took the opportunity of his disagreement with the assembly to prefer a series of anonymous charges against him. He was accused, among other things, of having been a traitor to his country, and of having betrayed Scotland to the English; and we can almost pardon the accusation, for the answer which it drew from him:—

"What I have been to my country," he said, "albeit this unthankful age will not know, yet the age to come will be compelled to bear witness to the truth. And thus I cease, requiring all men that has any thing to oppose against me, that he will do it so plainly as I make myself and all my doings manifest to the world; for to me it seems a thing most unreasonable, that in this my discrepit age, I shall be compelled to fight against shadows and *Howletts*, that dare not abide the light."

It is to the lasting disgrace of Sir William Kircaldy, otherwise a not ignoble man, that, commanding the Castle of Edinburgh as he did, he permitted an attempt which was now made to murder Knox to pass by without inquiry or punishment; and that when the citizens applied for permission to form a body-guard about his house, he refused to grant it. To save his country the shame of a second attempt which might be successful, the old man was obliged, the year before he died, feeble and broken as he was, to leave his house and take shelter in St. Andrews. For himself it was in every way trying; but sunny lights are thrown upon his retirement there by the affectionate reminiscences of a student, young Melville, who was then at the college, and who used to see him and hear him talk and preach continually.

#### KNOX'S SERMONS.

"He ludgit," we are told, "down in the Abbey beside our college;



he wad sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him, and bless us, and exhort us to know God and his work in our country, and stand by the gude cause, to use our time well, and learn the gude instruction."

But the sermons, of course, were the great thing. We remember Randolph's expression of the six hundred trumpets, and we can readily fancy the eager crowding of these boys to listen to him.

"I heard him teach the prophecies of Daniel that summer and winter," says Melville. "I haid my pen and my little buik, and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up to his text he was moderate, the space of half an hour; but when he entered into application he made me so to grewe and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write. He was very weak. I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie and fear, with a furring of masticks about his neck, a staff in one hand, and godly Richard Ballenden (Bannatyne,) his servant, holding up the other oxter, from the Abbey to the parish kirk, and he the said Richard, and another servant, lifted him up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but ere he had done with his sermon he was sae active and vigorous that he was lyke to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it."

If this description should lead any person to suppose that his sermons contained what is called rant, we can only desire him to read the one specimen which is left us, and for which he was summoned as being unusually violent. Of that sermon, we should say, that words more full of deep, clear insight into human life, were never uttered in a pulpit. It is all which pulpit eloquence, properly so called, is not, full of powerful understanding and broad masculine sense; and the emotion of it, the real emotion of a real heart. *Doctrine*, in the modern sense, we suspect was very little heard in Knox's sermons; any more than vague denunciations of abstract wickedness. He aimed his arrows right down upon wicked acts, and the wicked doers of them, present or not present, sovereign or subject; and our Exeter Hall friends would have had to complain of a lamentable deficiency of "gospel truth."

#### BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

After thirteen months' absence, a truce between the contending parties enabled Knox to return to Edinburgh. The summer of 1572 was drawing to its close, and his life was ebbing away from him with the falling year. He attempted once to preach in his old church, but the effort was too great for him; he desired his people to choose some one to fill his place, and had taken his last leave of them, when at the beginning of September the news came of the Bartholomew massacre. If even now, with three centuries rolling between us and that horrible night, our blood still chills in us at the name of it, it is easy to feel what it must have been when it was the latest birth of time; and nowhere, except in France itself, was the shock of it felt as it was in Scotland. The associations of centuries had bound the two countries together in ties of more than common alliance; and between the Scotch Protestants and the Huguenots there were further connexions of the closest and warmest attachment. They had fought for the same cause and against the same persecutors; they had stood by each other in their common trials; and in 1559, Condé and Coligni had saved



Scotland by distracting the attention of the Guises at home. Community of interest had led to personal intimacies and friendships, and in time of danger such links are stronger than those of blood—so that thousands of the Paris victims were dearer than brothers to the Lowland Protestants. One cry of horror rose all over Scotland. The contending parties forgot their animosities; even the Catholics let fall their arms in shame, and the flagging energies of Knox rallied back once more, to hurl across the Channel the execrations of a nation whom a crime so monstrous had for a moment reunited. The Tolbooth was fitted up for the occasion, and the voice of the dying hero was heard for the last time in its thunder, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the contrivers of that accursed deed.

#### KNOX'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

But this was the last blow to him. "He was weary of the world, as the world was weary of him." There was nothing now for him to do; and the world at its best, even without massacres of St. Bartholomew, is not so sweet a place, that men like him care to linger in it longer than necessary. A few days before he died, feeling what was coming, in a quiet, simple way he set his house in order and made his few preparations. We find him paying his servants' wages, telling them these were the last which they would ever receive from him, and so giving them each twenty shillings over. Two friends come in to dine with him, not knowing of his illness, and "for their cause he came to the table, and caused pierce an hogged of wine which was in the cellar, and willed them send for the same as long as it lasted, for that he would not tarry till it was drunken."

As the news got abroad, the world, in the world's way, come crowding with their anxieties and inquiries. Among the rest came the Earl of Morton, then just declared regent; and from his bed the old man spoke words to him which, years after, on the scaffold, Lord Morton remembered with bitter tears. One by one they came and went. As the last went out, he turned to Campbell of Braid, who would not leave him—

"Ilk ane," he said, "bids me gude night, but when will ye do it? I have been greatly behaudin and indebted to you, whilk I can never be able to recompense you. But I commit you to One who is able to do it, that is, to the eternal God."

The curtain is drawing down; it is time that we drop it altogether. He had taken leave of the world, and only the few dear ones of his own family now remained with him for a last sacred parting on the shore of the great ocean of eternity. The evening before he died he was asked how he felt. He said he had been sorely tempted by Satan, "and when he saw he could not prevail, he tempted me to have trusted in myself, or to have boasted of myself; but I repulsed him with this sentence—*Quid habes quod non accepisti.*" It was the last stroke of his "long struggle," the one business of life for him and all of us—the struggle with self. The language may have withered into formal theology, but the truth is green for ever.

On Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but, feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain. "It is na painful pain,"

he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle."

His wife sat by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time, I commend my spirit, soul, and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, which was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over, the physician asked him if he had heard any thing. "Ay," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard, and I praise God for that heavenly sound."

"Suddenly thereafter he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, 'Now it is come!' Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, 'Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come; and seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which ofttime ye have shown to us, of our Saviour Christ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make us some sign,' and so he lifted up his hand; and incontinent thereafter, rendered up the spirit, and sleepit away without ony pain."

In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit, which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God. What he had been to those who were gathered about his death-bed, they did not require to be taught by losing him. What he had been to his country, "Albeit," in his own words, "that unthankful age would not know," the after ages have experienced, if they have not confessed. His work is not to be measured by the surface changes of ecclesiastical establishments, or the substitution for the idolatry of the mass of a more subtle idolatry of formulæ. Religion with him was a thing not of forms and words, but of obedience and righteous life; and his one prayer was, that God would grant to him and all mankind "the whole and perfect hatred of sin." His power was rather over the innermost heart of his country, and we should look for the traces of it among the keystones of our own national greatness. Little as Elizabeth knew it, that one man was among the pillars on which her throne was held standing in the hour of its danger, when the tempest of rebellion and invasion which had gathered over her passed away without breaking. We complain of the hard destructiveness of these old reformers, and contrast complacently our modern "progressive improvement" with their intolerant iconoclasm, and we are like the agriculturists of a long settled country who should feed their vanity by measuring the crops which they can raise against those raised by their ancestors, forgetting that it was these last who rooted the forests off the ground, and laid the soil open to the seed.

The real work of the world is done by men of the Knox and Cromwell stamp. It is they who, when the old forms are worn away and will serve no longer, fuse again the rusted metal of humanity, and mould it afresh; and, by and by, when they are passed away, and the metal is now cold, and can be approached without danger to limb or skin, appear the enlightened liberals with file and sand-paper, and scour

off the outer roughness of the casting, and say—See what a beautiful statue *we* have made! Such a thing it was when we found it, and now its surface is like a mirror—we can see our own faces in every part of it.

But it is time to have done. We had intended to have said something of Knox's writings, but for the present our limits are run out. We will leave him now with the brief epitaph which Morton spoke as he stood beside his grave: "There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man."

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### Practical Essays.

(For the Banner of the Covenant.)

PRESS ONWARD.

BY JULIAN.

Yes, weary earth pilgrim, your watchword is "onward, onward." You have pressed on hitherto spite of all the snares and pitfalls that beset your tiresome way. Many a time has your heart well nigh fainted on the perilous journey; but you have kept steadily onward still, with the high reward of an unfading crown ever cheering your soul. How can your course be other than "onward?"

How many travellers have trod the same road before you? how many have passed over ground that seemed all of flinty rock, while many a bright remembrance of "still waters" and flowering meads have you, with which to beguile your way? Ah! could you but rend the vail that separates you from that great "white throne," and see the minstrel throng that surround it, could you but hear one swell of that anthem, that echoes through the vault of heaven, or could even one of the members of that bright vision speak to you, it could tell of woes and heart sorrows on the pilgrimage journey, of which you can have but small conception, and no experience, and yet the word was "onward."

Among that glittering host is there not one that you have known here? Does no accent fall upon your ear, that sounds like the familiar voice of one loved and passed away? Is not the tone of a mother's voice heard as in childhood's happy hour? Is not the voice of a sister, sounding hope to you as in days of yore? or perchance a fair young wife beckons and calls to you with a voice well remembered as a strain of love, to share her blest lot in the mansions above? Tones that you often heard in friendly greeting on earth, call you from the skies; in varied tones, perhaps, but yet is the cheering burden of the call "onward."

Many whose forms are familiar yet to memory's gaze are in that "cloud of witnesses;" very many that in life you knew and loved are there, there in glory, there in bliss as eternal as it is blessed. And were they not all such as you? review the past, tell of even one whose voyage o'er the sea of life was less tempest-tossed than yours, and yet are they *there* inviting you to follow. They "pressed onward," they bore the troubles and the perils of their journey, and fainted not.

Would'st thou know whence came their strength, their unwavering courage, and their high reward? Listen, and draw from the same great fountain, for it is as open to thee, and as able to nourish and strengthen thee, as those who have "gone before." Listen—



“Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

Pilgrim, faint not now; there is a cordial below for thy every wound: does thick darkness beset thee? think of Him whose agonies were so intense as to cause the noonday sun to veil his light. Do pains and weaknesses deter thee? think of Him who with a heart crushed and bleeding, and with the blood gushing from his pain-racked frame, “despised the shame,” for thee. Look, oh look to Him who knoweth *all* thy infirmities, for aid, for help, support, and succour, and thou shalt have them all.

Then, pilgrim, “onward,” “onward;” halt not, linger not, set thy haven of rest in thy Heavenly Father’s bosom, and when the days of thy journeying are ended, there shalt thou arrive. Fainting pilgrim, be of good heart; with all the bright examples before thee, with hope in thy breast, and love, undying love in thy heart;—Pilgrim, I say “*onward.*”

Philadelphia, Sep. 20th.

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THE COVENANTERS OF MADAGASCAR.—We take from the Free Church Magazine the following interesting sketch of the recent religious history of Madagascar, being part of a speech by the Rev. Thomas Binney, at the late meeting of the London Missionary Society:

“Let me now just recall to you a little about Madagascar. It has been referred to as a noble island. I confess that, lying as it does to the east of Africa, it appears to me the Great Britain of the African continent—a fine island, having in it a great abundance of raw material, natural and social—raw material that may be wrought up into beautiful forms of commercial prosperity, and virtue, and advancement; the principal tribe, the Ovas, being reputed to be rather above the European standard in height—robust, athletic, of noble bearing, having about them a great deal of the raw material of man, which may be wrought up, by God’s blessing on the instrumentality of the gospel, into fine forms of humanity. The religion of these people, you know, was a gross and debasing superstition. They were under the influence of their necromancers, the wise men, who appear to have understood priestcraft quite as well as many of a similar type in other lands. It appears that polygamy was allowed on a very extensive scale. There was slavery, and a slave-trade. Well, among these people, some forty years ago, or it may be a little more, there appeared a noble, great-minded man—a man of great talents, and I think, of large ambition. He conquered and subdued the best part of the land. He used to collect into large meetings his conquered or submitting subjects. He used to take from them their oath of fidelity. He used to explain to them his laws; and he greatly reformed the laws that had previously existed, and showed great sagacity and political discernment; and thus he united under him a great mass of the population, the finest in the land; and he was the first that took the title of King of Madagascar. He abolished the slave-trade, both internal and external. He punished with death either the bringing a slave into the kingdom, or the sending a slave out of it. He did not, however, abolish slavery itself; but I must say, from all that I can learn about the matter, that I think in Madagascar slavery seems to have existed in about the mildest form of that ancient institution. Now, Radama did a great deal previous to any of our missionaries going there. He was, I tell you, a large-minded man, and had in view the improvement and elevation of his people; and he sent some of the native youth both to Paris and to England, that they might be instructed, and go back to be useful as reformers and elevators of society. It was quite to be expected that such a man (he looks to me like what we may call the Alfred of Madagascar) should have sagacity enough to discover the value of missionaries, when he came to understand their purpose and aim. And he did so; and I have no doubt that, previous to his own mind being enlightened, and his heart coming under the influence of the gospel, he had sagacity enough to discover that the missionaries were bringing the means of elevating and improving the people,

and assisting him in the great political object which he had in view. Well, I must go into all the particulars of the Madagascar mission; and yet do I think it is right that we should have the minds of men stirred up by way of remembrance, that we may pass with intelligence such a resolution as this. Besides, it does appear to me, that what was done in Madagascar by our missionaries during the few years that they were there is perfectly marvellous. From 1818 and up to 1828, six missionary artisans, and two missionary printers, were sent; and during that time they continued their labours under the auspices and with the encouragement of Radama. In 1828 he died, or was poisoned, but if he was poisoned he died, and the Queen succeeding to his power, but under a bad influence, became opposed to Christianity; but still it was not till 1835 that the missionaries were expelled, so that they still went on working during these latter years, but not with the facilities and success of the former. Now, during that time, only think, they took a language which previously had only been heard, and they made it visible; they threw it upon paper; they reduced it to a written form; they composed elementary books for grammatical teaching; they compiled a dictionary of the language in two volumes; and they translated the whole of the Scriptures, printed and published them; they established schools; they had four thousand children regularly under instruction in those schools. There was a great number of the people who learned to read without coming to school, by voluntary effort at home. There was a large number of them who learned the English language, as well as learned to read their own. In addition to all this, which Radama, simply as king of Madagascar, would have sagacity to appreciate and understand, God's blessing on their labours, as the missionaries of the cross, in preaching the Gospel, led to the establishment of two large churches in the capital, and preaching stations round about. The Scriptures were circulated, meetings for prayer and religious teaching were held in various localities, and the press was continually at work. Twenty-five thousand Bibles and books of a religious nature were printed and circulated among the people. Then there came a night of weeping. The ferocity of the persecutor at last unrestrained, Christian ordinances put down, Christian meetings prohibited, the profession of Christ treated as a crime, the Scriptures destroyed, the people impoverished, hundreds reduced to slavery, hundreds taking the spoiling of their goods, as you have heard, between forty and fifty being actually put to death—speared, poisoned, precipitated from a rock, dashed to pieces, burnt slowly alive. All this—and then there comes another change. Only before we pass to that other change, let us remember with gratitude, what we have already heard, how that, in the midst of that dark night, there was light, light, light! being sown by the hand of God in the thick darkness under persecution. Robbed, and spoiled, and trampled on, and buffeted, and threatened, the people still gathered together for worship; in the mountains, in the valleys, in the dens and caves of the earth, they gathered together, these COVENANTERS OF MADAGASCAR; they gathered together, and God blessed them; and they were not only instrumental in keeping up the warmth of their own piety, and preserving their own faith, but the work spread, and hundreds and thousands became Christians under the pressure of that very persecution. 'Light is sown for the righteous' in the darkness, and when the morning comes it springs up, and the result is seen; and we see it now. Now there is another change, the Queen's son coming forth a Christian man; and now we find that the ports are to be opened, the missionaries re-invited, those who had left the land to return; and we trust there is a day dawning, and that we shall see great results by the blessing of God."

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[From the Christian Instructor.]

#### THE ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.\*

It cannot have escaped the notice of even casual observers of the times that the number of really or nominally secret associations has greatly increased during the last few years in our country. Under the influence of titles, and professions, and occasional acts, which be-

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\* ODD-FELLOWSHIP Examined in the Light of Scripture and Reason. By Joseph T. Cooper, Pastor of the Second Associate Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. 18mo., pp. 252. Philadelphia: Wm. S. Young, 173 Race Street. 1853.



tokened a sympathizing and benevolent spirit, they have drawn largely upon the public confidence; and though it has often been found that a prominent tendency of nearly all of them has been to decry the Christian Church and the simple and open religion of the Bible—though their patrons, and friends, too, are largely made up of the worldly and careless, if not the openly irreligious and profane—and though all who are in them are constrained, from the very nature of their relation to each other, to be on intimate terms with persons of every variety of character and conduct, and to spend much of their time away from the home and the church where God and reason have commanded their best affections and their most constant attentions to be fixed—yet their membership and their means have vastly multiplied, and their influence is widely and powerfully felt.

Among the most popular and influential of these associations is the one which forms the subject of the book before us. Its rise has been comparatively recent, and its growth has been rapid. Its numbers are already large, and its principles are perhaps as unexceptionable and generally good as any of the class. No one of them, therefore, is probably better fitted than it to form a *stand-point*, whence the character, the tendencies, and results of them all may be examined. Perhaps, too, such an examination can be the more reliably and satisfactorily made in this case from the fact that this Society has largely published, and in the most authentic manner, manuals of its principles, usages, &c. &c., and therefore can be examined from its own mouth, as well as by its fruits.

Of all these things Dr. Cooper has studiously and laboriously availed himself. Belonging to the Associate Presbyterian Church, whose rules require its members to avoid all connexion with secret societies, and living in the midst of a community where such societies have an extended existence and influence, and feeling it his duty to guard his people against them by laying before them what he deemed important reasons for opposition to them, he delivered a course of six lectures during the past winter upon this subject, and has now issued them in a neat and popular form from the press. The spirit of the whole work is kind and good; and he every where shows that, while he has felt it a duty from which, as a minister of the gospel, he could not shrink to speak the truth in this case, yet he has laboured to do it in love. His liberal quotations, and his constant references to the authorities by which he is guided in his expositions, make the book an interesting and instructive one, and we venture to say that no member of the very society upon which it especially treats can fail to read it with profit.

Our limits forbid the insertion of the numerous passages which we had marked; we can only glean the general propositions and some of the more striking illustrations, and commend the whole work to the attention of our readers. After some prefatory remarks, in which he informs us of the motives that have led him to undertake this work, and of the sources whence he principally obtained his knowledge of the Order, the author proceeds to state that he objects to the entire system for the following reasons:—

1. Because from its very name, (The Independent Order of Odd Fellows,) from the character of many of its exhibitions, its regalia, its dress, &c., "it justly exposes itself to the contempt of the wise and the manly."



2. Because in the secrecy of its operations, the guards it sets upon its times, places, and objects of meeting, its transacting business only by signs which are hidden to all except the initiated, and its opposition in all these respects to that religion which always and every where loves the light, "it renders itself justly liable to the suspicions of the virtuous."

3. Because from the very nature of the society, its secrecy, its system of unsuspected espionage, and its assumption to decide upon the character and interests of a man without his being able to understand or even attempt a redress of his wrongs, "the candidate, in the very act of making application for admission, subjects himself to a risk which no man, who regards his reputation and his interests, should be willing to incur."

4. Because in its members being required to "appeal to Heaven" to witness the faithfulness with which they will preserve the secrets and advance the interests of the Order, "there is, in the very pledge given, the abuse of the ordinance of the oath."

5. Because in being required to promise to keep secret things which are not yet known, and which for aught that can be known may be wrong, its members are so placed that "their connexion with it is almost of necessity insnaring to the conscience."

6. Because in constituting itself "the source of all true and legitimate authority," and in having its members recommended to give themselves passively to their guides, to be led whithersoever they will, this Society is such, "that a connexion with it is inconsistent with that feeling of individual responsibility and independence which it is our right and our duty at all times to cherish."

7. Because in refusing membership to persons who have bodily infirmities that render them incapable of pursuing their usual avocations, or are over fifty years of age, and by other restrictive regulations of a similar kind, "it falsifies its own pretensions, viz., to unite in one brotherhood the whole family of man."

8. Because in confining its attentions and contributions for the relief of the necessitous only to those who are its members, and who have actually and fully paid the sums required for admission, or as weekly or other specified dues, this Society "is not, in reality, as it assumes to be, a benevolent or charitable institution."

9. Because in binding its members to a special interest in each other, no matter what the circumstances of the case may be, this society is such "an organization as is, in its own nature, liable to operate injuriously to the rights and interests of the community."

10. Because in its pretensions, its workings, and in many of its ceremonies, "it usurps the place of the Church."

11. Because in its universal omission of any reference to the name or cross of Christ, and in its adaptation of its religious creed to the faith and feelings of Jews, Mohammedans, and all who recognise a God, "its religion is a *Christless* religion, and consequently the society itself is a *Christless* society."

This startling proposition is sustained by a series of quotations from the books of the society, and by numerous facts and illustrations. Among the statements is the following, for whose truth a strong voucher is given by the author:—

"Some years ago the Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the State of Maryland of the I. O. O. F., himself a minister of the gospel, said to a brother minister with whom he was spending the night at a friend's house: 'Why don't you join the Odd Fellows? It would be a great advantage to you.' To which his friend replied, 'I do not join them, because my obligations, as a Christian, forbid my becoming an Odd-Fellow.' 'O no,' said the Chaplain, 'there is nothing in Odd-Fellowship which interferes with any man's religion. It expressly declares that nothing shall be imposed upon you that will interfere with your duty to God or your country. Besides, it is all founded upon the

Bible; and if a man will live up to the rules of the Order, he must be a Christian.' 'I have heard the same assertions made by others,' said his friend, 'and doubt not but they were sincere in saying so, as I believe that you are also; but after a little investigation, it appeared to my mind that Odd-Fellowship involved a rejection of Christ, and that I could not be an Odd-Fellow, and maintain unimpaired my allegiance to Christ. In short, I cannot be an Odd-Fellow and a Christian.' 'Really,' said the chaplain, 'you startle me; for if you cannot be an Odd-Fellow and a Christian, neither can I or any body else; and yet I am an Odd Fellow, and I think I am a Christian also. I should like you to explain yourself.' 'That I will do very freely and frankly,' said his friend; 'but first I would observe, that I am not your judge: nor do I set up my sentiments upon this subject as the standard for other men's consciences. I judge for myself, and not for another; hence I said that it appeared to my mind that Odd-Fellowship involves a rejection of Christ; for as an Odd-Fellow, I could not acknowledge Christ as mediator between God and man, nor use the name of Christ in addressing the Father.' 'O, but you are entirely mistaken,' said the chaplain; 'for when I pray in the lodge, I always use the name of Christ, and no one finds any fault with it.' 'That may be,' replied his friend; 'and when you do so, it is on your own individual responsibility; and as your Order professes to embrace men of every creed and sect, another might use the name of the Virgin Mary, or Mahomet, and no fault be found with them; for Odd-Fellowship interferes not with any man's religion, whatever it may be. But as you would not allow that Odd-Fellowship acknowledges the false prophet, because in the lodge a Mohammedan prayed to Allah in his name; so you cannot plead that Odd-Fellowship acknowledges Christ, because in the lodge you pray to the Father in his name. Odd-Fellowship has its own religious rites and ceremonies, from which I gather its creed; and from these the name of Christ is purposely excluded. In this respect, as well as in some others, it resembles Free Masonry; and in an approved work on Free Masonry, written and compiled by Joseph R. Chandler, (one of the Order,) of Philadelphia, there is a chapter on religion, which is nothing more nor less than a statement of Deism. He gives also a form of prayer which he says was anciently used in the lodges, and in which the favour of God is supplicated by the sorrows of Adam, by the blood of Abel, and by the righteousness of Noah; but not a word about Christ. I know not whether Odd-Fellows ever had *anciently* any such blasphemous form in use as the above, which substitutes other mediators in the place of Christ, but I know that, like Free Masonry, it does purposely exclude the mediation of Christ.' The chaplain was somewhat disconcerted, but said, 'That in this country, nearly all who united with the order were Christians, and that the feature in the religious ceremonies adverted to was obsolete; that Odd-Fellows now in this country universally acknowledged Christ as their Mediator and Saviour.' 'Well,' said his friend, 'it will be time enough for me to take into consideration the propriety of joining the Order, when I am furnished with evidence that its principles and practice are made conformable to Scripture.'

"A few years afterwards these brethren spent an evening together under similar circumstances; and in the course of conversation, the chaplain remarked to the other: 'You no doubt remember what was said by yourself in relation to Odd-Fellowship, in a conversation I had with you about two years ago.' 'Yes,' said his friend; 'What of it?' 'Well,' said the chaplain, 'I find it to be too true. Last year we held a convention of the Grand Lodge of Maryland in the city of Baltimore; and as I was chaplain, I was made chairman of the committee on religious rites and ceremonies; and I said to myself, now is the time to make them conform to the Christian religion. So I carefully revised them, and inserted the name of Christ in them all; but to my utter amazement, the committee, notwithstanding I strongly urged the matter on various considerations, voted against it to a man. And what surprised me more than



all was, that some, if not all of the committee, were professed Christians. When I was asked in convention for a report on religious rites and ceremonies, I told them that I had none to make, as all the committee disagreed with me. Some one said, bring it in as a minority report. I replied that I would do so, only I was afraid it would share the same fate in the convention it had done in committee, which would only make the matter worse.' "

12. Because in its careful rejection of whatever principle could cause difference of opinion in the religious faith of its members, and in its claim to superior charity and benevolence on the world, this society is such "that a connexion with it is inconsistent with our devotion to the truth and cause of Christ."

13. Because in giving its numerous "emblems" such prominence as it does, "it exalts the material above the spiritual," and is therefore wrong in principle, and dangerous in tendency.

14. Because in its frequent appropriation of the Sabbath, and of some of the most holy symbols and terms of our religion to its ordinary purposes, this society "is chargeable with a profanation of that which is sacred."

15. Because in its bringing persons of all characters and conduct into the closest intimacy, in its encouraging processions, balls, &c., and in its universal rejection or omission of the gospel as the groundwork of a sound morality, "it has a demoralizing tendency."

But we forbear further quotation; and it is our regret that a mere statement of the propositions of this work, without the arguments and illustrations which follow them, prevent our doing justice to its author. As the best remedy for this, we recommend the general circulation, and a careful perusal of the book.

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### Theological Discussions.

[From the Freeman.]

#### ANTICHRIST.

This term has given rise to many conjectures, and much labour has been expended in fixing its meaning. The majority of interpreters have settled down in the opinion that it points, primarily, to some power in *direct antagonism* to the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian world has generally acquiesced in this definition, and to it scarcely a dissenting voice is heard.—There is no subject of deeper interest in our day, or to which the friends of God and man turn, with an intenser anxiety. Who is the mysterious personage meant in the Scripture by this word? and how long is the earth to mourn and weep under tyranny and cruelty? When "shall this wicked being" be destroyed; and the time come, for the saints to possess the kingdom?

Such questions, with more or less distinctions, palpitate in every heart, and burn on every tongue. In their answers, each member of Christ's body, and every friend of fallen man, are deeply interested. To help and hasten their solution, is our only object, when, with great deference, we would suggest, that the commonly received opinion respecting "Antichrist" is a mistake.

We think the idea of the term is *usurpation* rather than antagonism.

An antagonist is one whose hostility is direct—open—acknowledged. A usurper is one that intrudes into the place, and exercises the functions belonging to another. Saul was the antagonist—the adversary of David; but Absalom was a usurper. The opposition of the former was open and confessed; the opposition of the latter subordinate to his main purpose, and carried no farther than it required. Voltaire was the enemy—the direct antagonist of Jesus Christ; his hostility was open, and avowed; whereas Boniface was a



usurper; he assumed Christ's place, and claimed his rights over men. The term means a principle adopted and acted on by men, whether many or few. To assume Christ's place over men, and arrogate his prerogatives, is to be Antichrist, and we must treat all persons and systems coming within the terms of the definition as essentially the same, and without material difference. The word Antichrist occurs several times in the first and second epistles of John, and a close scrutiny of each passage in which it is used will abundantly evince, that the Antichrist of John was a *false Christ*—one who feigned himself to be Christ—one who imposed himself on men, and claimed honours and duties due to Christ only. "Little children, it is the last time, and as ye have heard, that Antichrist will come, even now are there many antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time,"—1 John ii. 18. The reference here is to Mat. xxiv. 11, 23, 24, 25, 26. "And many false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive many. Then, if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there! believe it not. For there shall arise false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before. Wherefore, if they shall say unto you, Behold he is in the desert, go not forth, believe it not." A false prophet was one who usurped the office and honours of a true prophet; who imposed himself on men, and acted towards them as though he was a true prophet; and in like manner a false Christ is one who pretends to be Christ—who assumes Christ's office and honours, and acts towards men as though he were Christ himself. John's antichrist is synonymous with the false Christs in Matthew, and they alike mean an impostor who pretends and claims to be Christ. Much stress has been laid on the etymology of the term antichrist. It is made up by prefixing the Greek preposition *anti* to the word Christ. Antagonism, direct opposition, is mostly, if not always, the force of *anti* when prefixed to English words; as antispasmodic, antiperiodic and antislavery; but in the Greek of the New Testament, and in the classics, it is frequently, very frequently, used to express the substitution of one person, state, or thing for another. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom FOR (*anti*) many."—Mat. xx. 28, Mark x. 45. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or, if he ask a fish, will he FOR (*anti*) a fish, give him a serpent?—Luke xi. 11. Xenophon says that Artaxerxes was made a subject *instead* (*anti*) of a king. Substitution is clearly the meaning of *anti* in these quotations. The Greek language has no term by which the idea can be more significantly expressed, and it is not to be questioned, that both sacred and profane writers use it in this sense.

The authorities sanction this use of the word; in the place of, instead of, (*Greenfield*;) taking the place of; (*Donnegan*;) pro, ultra, comparisonem; (*Schrevelius*;) substitution, he shall reign instead (*anti*) of him; (*Dr. Wylie*;) ANTI signifies pro, vice, loco, as well as contra, e regione, ex adverso, (*Bishop Newton*.) This array of quotations and authorities will show that we are putting no strained nor novel construction on the term Antichrist, when we affirm that it means, in the New Testament, the usurper, who, claiming to be CHRIST, under whatever name, arrogates to himself the honours and the service due only to the Saviour.

We cannot pass in silence the celebrated passage 2 Thess. ii. 3-10. The whole is too long to quote, but the 4th verse is the main one. "Who opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." It is admitted on all hands that this delineates the character, and sums the claims of the true Antichrist; and the essential idea is, that he assumes the place of God the mediator, in the temple; and claims superiority over all that is worshipped.

After the ascension of the Saviour, the apostles never apply the phrase, "the

temple of the Lord" to the Jewish temple, but always to the gospel church. Then the meaning is, that this man of sin assumed Christ's place in the gospel church. But besides this, he exalted himself "above all that is worshipped;" above every object of worship, or above every worshipped object, (*Sebasma*.) This word was used as an epithet of royalty, and applied to the Greek Emperors, as Augustus was to the Roman Emperors, and "*His Majesty*" now is to modern monarchs. It means a political headship, as "sitting in the temple" means an ecclesiastical headship. The two together describe this personage as one who assumes to be the ecclesiastical and political head over men. To him they are accountable. He mediates between them and God, and in this way, claims dominion over them. And surely this is to do neither more nor less than to intrude into Christ's place, and exercise his functions. What is said in Timothy of his "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats" is only the developement of the means by which the usurpation was accomplished, and the usurped position maintained.

The notion of *mediation* is essential to the idea of Antichrist. There is one God, and one mediator, between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. He mediates between man and his Maker, in all the relations the creature sustains to the Creator. The primary relations of men to God, are these: They are related to him individually and socially; politically and ecclesiastically. The former two are natural, the other incidental to a redemptionary estate; but in them all, Christ stands between them and the triune God. In all these relations men are directly accountable, not to the essential Deity, but to Jesus Christ, who stands between these parties. Christ issues law, and sits in judgment. Now, how plain is it that the slaveholder takes *just* Christ's place over the individual and the family; the Autocrat of Russia takes *just* Christ's place over civil man, and the Pope takes *just* Christ's place over religious, or ecclesiastical man. Their systems are identical in their elements, and essence. The slaveholder is the most audacious.—He boldly claims, at once and directly, absolute control of the individual soul and body. Nicholas claims absolute power, over the political relation, but, as he is the sole judge of what constitutes that relation, he easily extends it as far as suits his purpose, and thus controls the whole man, though indirectly, not the less really. The Pope claims infallible spiritual domination, together with all the political pretensions of Russia. So, each of these three arrives at the same result; that is,—absolute control of man, in all the relations he sustains to God. The slave is responsible to the slaveholder—not to Christ; the Russian is responsible to Nicholas, not to Christ; and the papist is responsible to the Pope—not to Christ. Christ is jostled aside, and he that steps into his place, is the true Antichrist, whether found in the shape of chattel slavery, Russian despotism, or Papal domination. The Pope, the Autocrat, and the slaveholder each asks obedience and exacts it, or the life of the recusant.—*These three agree in one and the same thing.* They are not antagonists, but most homogeneous. The God of providence, in mercy to the world, has hitherto kept them apart. Obstacles arising out of personal pride, selfishness, and geographical position, have prevented a union, but a very slight alteration in affairs would remove every impediment, and then these mighty powers, impelled by the resistless force of inherent affinities, would rush together, and cling to each other, with all the tenacity of unity, of essence, of object, of spirit, and of destiny. That which now lets will be taken away, and then shall that *wicked* be revealed. That this combination will take place is certain, and that it will be accomplished at no distant day, is highly probable. There are signs in heaven and signs in earth.

Antichrist in his final triumph, is the spirit of slavery, the spirit of despotism, and the spirit of popery combined and concentrated, and as if imbodyed in one.—Think of the calm, cool, deliberate cruelties of chattel slavery; of the ferocious barbarities of the Muscovite despotism; and the ghostly horrors



of papal tyranny; go to the slave pen, the auction block, the rice swamp; consider their tears, and bloody stripes, and lacerated heart-strings, and see what manner of spirit reigns there; go to the everlasting snows of the Siberian steppes, and look upon the banished victims of Russian oppression, as they drag out their lives amidst the inhospitable regions of Arctic winter; and see, what manner of spirit reigns here; go down to the carbonic damps of an inquisitorial dungeon, while the miserable heretic groans his hour on the wheel; and see what manner of spirit reigns here; then sum them up, and embody them in one—inspired with deep and malignant hate, and an arrogance above all that is called God or that is worshipped, and there is the true Antichrist, as will shortly appear, mantling into power and arousing his energies for the final struggle of the great day of God almighty. This is a contemplation, terrible and appalling, and from which the stoutest heart shrinks back. “Who shall stand when the Lord doeth this?” We will follow this no farther at present. There are, however, a few reflections which force themselves on our attention.

1. Mahometanism and Paganism—heathenism in any form can in no true or proper sense be considered as *anti-christian*, in the technical force of that word. Antichrist is an impostor, who, pretending to be Christ, domineers over apostate and degenerate Christendom.

2. The claims of the slaveholder, of the Muscovite despot, and of the pope are the same. To approve of the one, is to approve of the other. To approve of any of them is to sanction the doctrine of *human mediation*, and take sides against the sole mediation of Jesus Christ. The Churches organized on the principle “that slaveholding is no bar to their communion” might just as well say that there is no bar against the pope and his priesthood. The principle which receives the one, receives the other; and hence those churches—no matter how deep the piety, or evangelical the zeal of some of their members—whether under Papal, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational forms—will certainly, sooner or later, take their place in the ranks of the armies at Armageddon.

3. The proper limits of the dominion of Antichrist are the geographical boundaries of Christendom. A great part of it now lies powerless in the snaky coils of the Great Dragon. The “mark of the beast,”—that is, *approval of his character and submission to his authority*, is already imposed on all ranks out of the territorial limits of the British empire, and the nothern states of this confederacy. No man may “buy and sell on slaveholding ground unless he approves of slavery—nor in Russia, unless he approves of her despotism; nor in the popish countries, without allegiance and submission to the papal authority.”

4. The persevering and pertinacious efforts of the slaveocracy to widen its area, and to subject the free States to the sway of its dark and malignant sceptre, the unusual arrogance and activity of the Russian despot, and the unparalleled exertions of Jesuitical popery, for the conversion of the British empire, all indicate the speedy manifestation of “this man of sin.” There is reason to believe that even now there is a liege conspiracy, a secret “holy alliance” ramifying throughout Europe, and embracing a great majority of “the crowned heads and cabinets” on the continent, sworn in league to extirpate civil and religious liberty from their last resting-places in Christendom. How long the barriers of freedom will resist the onslaught of so mighty a coalition, we have no means of knowing; but as to the result, “the sure word of prophecy” leaves us without doubt: “the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them.”

H.



[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

## REPLY TO QUERIES.

Mr. Editor,—My attention was lately called to certain queries on the subject of Psalmody, published in the Banner some time ago, and of which no notice has as yet been taken by any correspondent. At the present moment I have not access to them, to know their precise forms, but, I believe, they are substantially as follows:—

“Is the versification of the Psalms necessary to the acceptability of the song of praise? And has not their versification been one prominent cause of the multiplication of Psalm books?”

In reply to the first part of the query, it may be sufficient to observe, that, while the knowledge of the laws which govern Hebrew poetry have long been in a great measure lost and forgotten, yet it is evident from the titles prefixed to the Psalms respectively, and from various other considerations, that they were set to music, and commanded not merely to be *read or said*, but to be *sung*. The various commands given on this subject clearly prove that we are enjoined to make melody, not only with the *heart*, but also with the *voice*. Accordingly, in as far as the records of ecclesiastical history enable us to judge, Christians have sung the Psalms of inspiration, versified in their vernacular tongues. Those who are acquainted with the art of music are, I believe, agreed that the Psalms can, without difficulty, be chanted in the praise form, without versification; and it seems to be the opinion of some good men that this measure would go far towards settling disputes in the church on the subject of Psalmody. For my own part, I see no reason to believe that the versification of the Psalms has given rise to these disputes, nor that *laying aside* the versification would have any tendency to remove them. I am persuaded that the opposition made to the inspired songs has a deeper root, viz., an unwillingness to be confined to the words of the Spirit of God. It is one of the many forms in which the carnality of the human heart, from which the best are not wholly freed, shows itself. Were the taste spiritualized as it ought to be, it would have a higher relish for the unvarnished simplicity of God's word than for the loftiest and most gorgeous flights of human fancy, and its endorsement would be cordially given to the truth “Never man spake like God.”

Permit me, however, to express my conviction that justice has not yet been done to the songs of inspiration, in adapting them to the laws of modern versification. And probably one principal cause of some degree both of flatness and rudeness of form, which attaches to all existing versions, is to be found in the well-meant anxiety of the versifiers to give a literal version. It will on all hands be conceded that it is hardly possible to give as literal a translation in verse as in prose. Consequently (while sense never should be sacrificed for sound) a metrical version, in order to be what it should be, must be somewhat paraphrastical. Difficult as the taste may be, I trust that a metrical translation will yet appear, so literal as to convey the fulness of meaning of the original, and at the same time so free as to be in full accordance with the genius of modern versification.

H.

## Poetry.

## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

BY C. H. THOMAS, ESQ.

"My Holy Mountain, my House of Prayer: mine House shall be called a house of prayer for all people."—*Isaiah*.

When Adam dwelt in Eden's bowers,  
And viewed Creation young and fair,  
His footsteps pressed the stainless flowers,  
As still he sought the House of Prayer.

Its walls were reared by hands divine,  
Its incense evening's fragrant air;  
On high a thousand diamonds shine,  
To light him to the House of Prayer.

When Abel drew the firstling's blood,  
And drained it on the altar bare—  
The spot which drank the crimson flood,  
Was owned of God a House of Prayer.

When Isaac sought at twilight dim,  
To muse alone, his God was there,  
To listen to his vesper hymn,  
And meet him in that House of Prayer.

When Jacob lay at dead of night,  
And angels scaled the mystic stair,  
Its top was lost in glory bright,  
Its base his pillared House of Prayer.

For Israel's sins before the Lord,  
When Moses pled with bosom bare—  
That vengeance there might plunge the sword,  
Dark Horeb towered a House of Prayer.

When Hebrew captives named the name  
Of Him, who made them still his care—  
They walked unscathed amidst the flame,  
That played around their House of Prayer.

When Daniel braved the tyrant's front,  
The dungeon's gloom, the monster's lair,  
And bowed to God, as he was wont,  
The dungeon shone a House of Prayer.

When, greater still, the Saviour knelt  
On Olivet, 'mid evening air—  
And told his God the woes he felt,  
That mountain brow his House of Prayer.

Or in Gethsemane's dark shade,  
When tears of blood his form did wear—

By foes beset, by friends betrayed,  
His solace was the House of Prayer.

When Peter, midst the whelming wave,  
Exclaimed, Lord, save me—save and spare,  
Else quick I find a liquid grave,  
The water stood—a House of Prayer.

When Paul and Silas, midst the gloom  
Of prison-hold did rend the air—  
With voices from that living tomb,  
Forth trembling showed the House of Prayer.

When John in Patmos' lonely isle,  
With none his cheerless hours to share,  
Did bask beneath his Saviour's smile,  
That islet proved his House of Prayer.

When contrite souls to God draw nigh,  
And at his feet disburden care;  
Or tell their griefs in bursting sigh,  
Their refuge is the House of Prayer.

When tempests drive the pouring clouds,  
And ocean's fury none can dare—  
Yon bark with straining mast and shrouds,  
Rides safe a floating House of Prayer.

In lonely cot or silent glen,  
If perfumed by the Spirit's air—  
Unknown, unseen by eye of men—  
God dwells within that House of Prayer.

Or in the Christian's humble breast,  
Unnoticed 'mid the world's false glare.  
The Spirit finds his chosen rest,  
And fills with joy that House of Prayer.

And when we reach that dreary shore, [scare,  
Whence death each earth-lived form shall  
Faith's voice, tho' drowned 'mid Jordan's roar,  
Mounts from the latest House of Prayer.

But when we gain the further strand—  
Farewell to want, and grief, and care—  
We'll join the happy ransomed band,  
And seek no more the House of Prayer.

DUNDEE, December, 1848.

## For the Young.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.—Many years ago, in a pleasant village of New England, lived the little girl whose true story I am about to relate—Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom every body loved, not only because she was pretty, lively, and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle, and peaceable—so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers, a few years older than herself who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These three children always went to school and to church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny autumn afternoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They had a wild, joyous



time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She got them a nice, early tea by themselves; and when the visitors, after one last merry game, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie, "Your brothers will go home with Alice and Cecilia. You may go with them as far as the mill; but be sure to stop there, and come home with your father."

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolicking along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front portico of her cottage, looking after them as they went down the lane, and thinking what handsome, and happy, and, above all, what good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone so short a time. Lizzie never parted from her mother, even for a half hour, without kissing her lovingly, and bidding her good-bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to herself, "It is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow."

The cousins played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls came to part, they had yet so many things to tell each other, so many invitations to give, so many good-byes to say, it was no wonder they lingered awhile.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them in her loving way so many times, that her brothers grew a little impatient; and George, the eldest, said, "Why, sisters, I don't see but that Ned and I will have to help you in your kissing, or you'll never get through." Then Alice and Cecilia, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousin, and ran fast down a little hill towards their home. The boys soon overtook them; and Lizzie, after watching the group awhile, and thinking how good was God to give her such amiable cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and went into the mill. She found it going, and was almost frightened by the din it made, and by the darkness; for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name, and he answered; but the machinery made so much noise that she did not hear. Thinking that he had already gone, she turned to go home alone. She took a way she had often safely taken, over the flume by the great water-wheel. But to-night she was bewildered—lost her footing, and fell off on the wheel, which whirled her down, down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner. It happened that just at that moment her father, thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill, and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there found what had occurred. "Are you badly hurt, my daughter?" he asked, in great grief and terror.—"Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I think I shall live till you get me out. Leave me here, and go for help." The neighbourhood was soon roused, and many men hurried, with saws and axes, to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the cruel place where she was held so fast, and crushed so dreadfully; and they said, to move the wheel backward or forward might kill her at once.

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let down a light into the wheel, so that she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held towards her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever spoken in her life, and said, "Don't cry, mother. They will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me." And so she continued to talk, hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and sawing away at the great timbers; so she cheered and comforted her parents and her poor brothers, when they too came to the mill. Once her voice grew very low and indistinct—then it ceased altogether. The doctor looked down, and said she had fainted away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began again to say comforting things, and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry. She said she did not suffer so much pain as at first, and that she was sure she should live to be carried home. It was nearly midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved caused the poor child to faint again; and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she had opened her eyes, she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father, and mother, and brothers at her side. The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds, and gave her some opium to make



her sleep; but he told her father and mother she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned, and covered his face with his hands; and for a few moments Mrs. Stone leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and cried. Then, lifting her eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, oh, Lord, be done!" and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the day. She would often wake and ask for water; but then seemed hardly to know where she was, or who was with her. Her cousins, Alice and Cecilia, came to see her, but she did not recognise them; and they went away, sobbing bitterly. Early in the night, however, she awoke, and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled on them; but said she must leave them very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little girl he had given them, and thanked him for leaving her with them so long. Then Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you sing me just one verse of the hymn I love so much, 'Jesus sought me?'" Her mother tried, but she could not sing for weeping; and Lizzie said, "Never mind; where I am going there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me I shall hear no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live now, how crooked and sickly I should be. I might be a poor hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new and glorious body, such as the angels have?"

As she spoke these words, she smiled and did not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for a faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought to her, she burst into tears. "Good-bye, old Bose! good-bye, kitty!" she said. "I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things! But you and papa will come to heaven before many years; and you, too, brothers, if you are good boys." A little while after this, she said, "Georgie, give my love to Alice and Cecilia, and tell them I am glad I kissed them so many times last night. Eddie, take care of my flowers; and, boys, don't miss me too much in your play." After laying very quiet for some moments, she again spoke, and said, "Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the morning come very brightly?"—"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it is still dark night."—"Oh, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the windows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there. Good-bye, mamma, and papa, and brothers; good-bye!" And with a smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward, and so died.

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still—brighter and purer than the white roses that lay upon her pillow—and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it; for she said, "God has taken back a little angel he lent to me for a few years, and why should I weep for my happy child?"—*Grace Greenwood.*

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## Sabbath-School.

(For the Banner of the Covenant.)

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—If a large heap of the California gold dust was brought over here and placed just behind the church, so that you could all see it bright and sparkling, and notice was given that every little boy and girl might come to it for a few weeks as often as he pleased, and carry away as much as he could, provided only that he would not come and show his teacher what he had got every week, and then it would be his own—would we not have a very busy set of workmen? Scarce one in the whole school would be idle, and every one would be so anxious to begin. James would come with his wheelbarrow, David would borrow a spade, Peter would get a pickaxe, William would bring a basket, Jane would fill her satchel, Johnny would hold out his slip, Alexander would dig up a lot with the fire-shovel, and little Olive and Mary, and Ellen and Susan, from the infant class, without knowing what it was good for, would run in with the rest, and carry away the full of their

little hands, and run off laughing to show their prizes to their teacher. What a busy school we would have! How careful each little boy would be to lose none of his gold before Sabbath! How soon the children would grow vile!

Well, I saw yesterday such a busy, careful rich school, digging out precious treasure. It was at Mr. Prosser's Church in Cleveland. I never saw such a busy set of little workers. They had gathered so much that the teachers were not able to inspect it all in school, so the children took it to them during the week, and the teachers took an account of it. It seems that almost every boy and girl in the school was digging. Even the infant class had gathered eleven ounces. The whole school had gathered five thousand two hundred and eighty six ounces during the week, I saw the record, some little children had gathered more than others. I saw some who were content with seven or ten ounces, but I saw one little bright-eyed girl about twelve years old, who had collected that week *seven hundred and fifty ounces* of the treasure. Her name is Amanda Putnam. I asked her if her treasure was American money, (for it is not the gold of this country,) what she would do with it? O, said she, *I would put it into the Missionary Box*. Then I saw that she valued her treasure too high to sell it for gold, because if she had gold she would exchange it for the treasure, to give to those who had none of it.

I made inquiry of those appointed to guard the treasure, why some were so much more diligent in gathering than others, and they told me that the gate opening to it was only open for a short time, nobody knew when it would be closed on him, and then he could get no more. It was closed on some very early in the morning, on others in the forenoon, but always at an hour they thought not. Then the card was turned, and the children who generally began to run to get in, as soon as they saw the gate closing, read in it, *I am late, too late!* When they read that, it was never opened to them again. The watchmen at the gate told the children it would be so, but most of the children did not believe them. So they spent their time catching butterflies, and chasing leaves, or gathering pebbles. Many were very busy gathering pretty flowers that grew wherever this treasure was laid down. They said it would be time enough when they had filled their pockets full of pebbles and got handsome flowers for their hair, to run in and get a handful of treasure. Most of those who were employed to take care of the children thought so too. If they gathered enough of the pebbles and flowers they praised them, and frequently when they could not show handfuls of pebbles and flowers they punished them, but they made little inquiry about the quantity of treasure they had got, for, said they, "That is none of our business. There are some parents who weep all day because the gate is closed on their children, but it is too late to weep now."

I saw two little children whose father and mother had gone away and they were digging very busily, "because," said they, "when mother went away, she told us to lay this treasure up in our hearts and we would get to her, and *we want to go home to mother.*" So I inquired where mother was, and how the treasure would take them there, and if they knew the way, but they did not know; only said the little girl, "*It is all in this big book* that she left us when she went away."

Then I looked at the book and saw that the treasure was the gold of that country where the little orphans were going. It is so plenty there that the streets are paved with it, and that is the reason why those who send it here, send so much of it. But the road is very long, and deep gulfs lie across it, and robbers are very plentiful and very bold along it. The captain of the carriers who brought the best freight of it, and the most of his men were killed, and all the rest badly wounded. Many of the watchmen who take care of it, have been killed at the gate. It is no wonder then that the owner of it thinks it too valuable to be trampled under foot or despised. Indeed I could see on every piece of it the mark of blood, and all over the heap tablets set



up with pictures of carriers who were beaten, had their heads cut off and their hands stuck up over the gate, and some who were burned alive, and others who were stoned, and were sawn asunder, and were slain with the sword. One piece, very large and beautiful, like a crown, the carriers had to hide in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth. They had to run with it as fast as they could, and lay aside every weight that might hinder them, for the King was at the end of the journey waiting for his crown, and watching the carriers. As soon as the robbers killed one of the carriers, another snatched up the treasure and ran on with it. The robbers never got it from them, because, whenever any person gets this treasure fire cannot burn it, the waters cannot overflow it, thieves cannot break through to steal it. The only way it can be lost is when one counts himself unworthy of it, and puts it away from him.

Now, I saw little boys and girls do this, throwing it away, and trying to forget they had ever seen it, and I inquired why they did so. He, of whom I inquired, told me that there was a scum over their eyes so that they could see no beauty in it why they should desire it. Notwithstanding, he said if any one would lay a piece of it on his eyes, it would open his eyes to see wonders in it.

So I laid a piece of it on my eyes, and truly I can hardly tell half the beauty of that treasure. But a paper containing some account of the use of it was put into my hand to read. It declared that it was more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and that the price of it was above rubies. If a child was hungry it would purchase bread from Heaven, and sweetmeats sweeter than honey and the honey comb. If he was thirsty, it would bring him water out of a rock, of which, whoever drank, would never thirst again. If he was simple, it would get him such knowledge as would make him wiser than his teachers. The dress that he could buy with it would be fine linen clean and white. When the children want to set out on their journey home, they will have enough of money to pay their way, and to hire horses of fire, and a chariot of the word of Jehovah, the pillars of which are of silver, the bottom of gold, and hung around with purple. For fear of robbers a great many go together, and invisible horsemen encamp around them and encompass them, while a watchman who never slumbers nor sleeps, keeps watch every night.

My dear friend who sent this treasure lives far away on a high mountain, behind the setting sun. It rises out of a very dark valley, the blue mist throws its gossamer curtains over its sides, so that we cannot see them, but eternal sunshine settles on its head. Those who have been there once, seldom wish to come back again to this country, but one or two have returned, who say that the fields there are always green, and the trees have leaves that never fade. A beautiful clear river flows down from the top of the hill, and its streams make glad the hearts of the people, and water the trees of beauty in the gardens. The fir tree, and the pine tree, and the box tree grow there together, and a river that veils the mountains with its shade, and palm trees flourish there, and grow like cedars of Lebanon. There is a tree that grows no where else than on the bank of that river. The fruit is for food, and the leaf is for medicine, for most of those who arrive there are very sick, but the leaf and fruit of that tree cure all sickness, and those who eat it never get sick again, and never die. It has twelve different kinds of delicious fruit, and yields the fruit every month. The children are very fond of playing under its shade, climbing up into its branches, and eating its fruit, and no one hinders them. Indeed there was once a board with a notice to the little children to abide in it, and not be ashamed. Perhaps it is there yet.

The multitude of little children who are there cannot be counted. Some say that there must be four or five times as many little children as grown people, but it is very hard to tell, because when great men and women go



there, they have to become as little children, and the change is so great that their friends can hardly know them. It is very cheering to see and hear such a multitude of happy children running and singing very loud, and playing on their harps, and shouting with a loud voice. It is not a nice quiet place where the children must sit still and quiet all day, for fear of disturbing the grown people. The King has given it to themselves for their own, and the grown people there become like the little children. But yet there is no disorder, for every one wants to make all the rest happy, and would rather give any thing to another, if he wanted it, than have it himself. No quarrelsome children are there. There is One there who wipes away all tears from their eyes, carries the little ones in his arms, takes them by the hand and teaches them to go, and sends kind nurses with them to bear them upon their arms, lest they dash their feet against a stone. In a little while their mothers and aunts, and sisters and brothers come, and you may be sure that is a joyful meeting. How the little ones run out of the ivory palaces to meet them, and take them by the hand to lead them to the superintendent, and show them all the beautiful places in the garden, and pull the fruit off the trees for them, and show them the way to the church of the First-born, and teach them to sing new psalms, and a great many of their old psalms to new tunes, and they are so glad that they sing day and night.

My paper stopped here, declaring that "eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor could the heart of man conceive the things that were there." Just before the end of it, however, the king had come to the writer to tell him, to invite all the children to *come* there, then his bride sent an invitation to them to *come*, then his dearest friend came to carry the invitation to them, and stood and called out very loud for them to *come*, and charged every person who heard him to say *come*. So when I heard that, I wished very much that all the children in our Sabbath-school would come there. I have been told that there is plenty of treasure to carry them there. If some of the boys were sent to look for it, perhaps they could find it near the Sabbath-school.

TEACHER.

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[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

#### SABBATH-SCHOOL LETTERS—NO. I.

*To the Bible-class under my charge:*

My Dear Young Friends,—It is now four Sabbaths since I left you; and while you have often been remembered, you are resting more particularly on my mind this lovely Sabbath morning. This is the day of God, and with you in a special manner; for to-day you are, (for the first time, some of you,) to sit down at the Lord's table. At this hour, doubtless, many are gathered in the school-room, to ask the presence and blessing of Jesus with his people at his own table; and many of you, *I know—all of you, I trust*—are there, too.

At these seasons and times in which we have often taken sweet counsel in going up to the house of God I am with you in spirit, though far away in person. At the throne of grace are we not together, however widely separated? The return of a sacramental season is always a solemn period. Then, as those who have dedicated themselves to God go up to his table, they leave behind all that does not belong to Christ. Then they often are separated from near and dear, very dear friends, who will *almost*, but not *altogether*, follow Jesus. The parent then must often, with bitterness of heart, leave the child who is old enough to confess Christ. Or it may be, the child must leave the parent. The pastor must be separated from some to whom for years he has been offering salvation, pleading with them to come to Jesus. One friend is parted from another, dear to him as David was to Jonathan,—and then, my dear young friends, *our class, too, is divided*. The teacher, then one, and an-

other, and another of the class, go forward to honour their Saviour, but some remain. Those who for months have sat together and read God's Word, and studied its truths, and sang his praises, and joined in prayer, do not *now sit together*. It is sad to be parted *here*, but *all* this does not end *here*. It reminds us of another time when Jesus will appear in his glory, and *every* eye shall see him, and as he calls *then*, as *now*, "Come near unto me, *my brethren!*" will we *then* be separated as we are *now*?

Though parted at the Lord's table to-day, we hope to come together on the next Sabbath; but if not gathered in one band on that day of the Lord, then we *never*, never can again hope for union. O, let these things rest on your minds; ponder them, and may they make those who love Jesus more earnest to bring others to him, and those who never yet have acknowledged him anxious to enter his fold! (Here I was interrupted by the hour for our country Sabbath-school, consisting of some seventy or eighty—a little class of which I had charge this morning.) The privileges of the house of God are over for to-day. The worshippers have returned to their homes, and so have you now retired from the solemnities of to-day. Let me ask of you the question, asked once of another, "*Where hast thou gleaned to-day?*" I am glad to feel assured that *all* of my class have been at the sanctuary. O, that *all* had been at the feast! May those who have, strive to live according to their renewed dedication of soul and body to God! May those who have not resolve that while this opportunity has passed, the *next* shall find them coming forward, saying to our Lord, who calls on *each*—"Lo, I come to do Thy will." Live for Christ. Labour for Christ. Be *always* as the disciples after the transfiguration, when "they saw Jesus *ONLY*." What a meaning in those two words, "*Jesus only!*"

*Monday morning.* Let each of you look forward to active employment as teachers, so soon as the way is open for it. This will give a greater reality to your present efforts as a class, setting before you *an end* at which you are to aim. When in St. Louis, three Sabbaths ago, on my way home, I visited a *mission school*, having *twenty teachers*, and about *two hundred* scholars, collected mostly from those who have no other religious instruction. I talked to them some twenty minutes, and never saw more attentive pupils. Before sitting down I said a few words to the teachers; and after we had closed one of them came to me and said that *fifteen years* ago he was a scholar in Eleventh street school. I assure you, my heart warmed to him when he told me this. Thus our Sabbath-school is fitting persons to labour in every part of the world. I should be glad to hear from you as a class, as well as individuals. With earnest desire that you may, in your good work, continue to be *prompt, punctual, and progressive*, I remain your friend.

How is the mission purse progressing? I trust that you are gathering in many of the young men in the congregation to the class. With much love to the school and each of its members, I remain yours, &c.

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#### SABBATH-SCHOOL LETTERS—NO. II.

My Dear Sabbath-school Scholars,—On each returning Sabbath, in by-gone days, you were wont to meet with me in the Sabbath-school; and now, although I am on the broad ocean, far away from land, yet I still feel a deep concern in your eternal well-being. My dear pupils, it is because I love your souls, and because I have the hope that with God's blessing some good may result, that I have resolved to write to you a few lines. You all know that there are within your frail bodies never-dying souls; and that these souls will be either happy or wretched in the other world, according as you have served God or not in this. Often have you heard these truths while you and I sat together in the Sabbath-school class; but, alas! I am afraid you have thought little about them; or if you have thought, you have forgotten them too soon. How



much have you reflected in regard to the destiny of your souls during this year, how much, the last, how much, in all your former years? Perhaps one of you will say, I did think *once*, when my teacher was very earnest in asking me to think; perhaps another will say, I have thought again and again, but to no purpose; perhaps another, I have thought none at all. Let me tell you another thing, which you all know very well, but which you do not think enough about. It is this, that the bodies in which your souls are found are every day growing feebler; and that as each beautiful spring-time, blooming summer, and luxuriant autumn, and dreary, cold winter, passes away, you are coming nearer to the grave; for the Scripture says, that "it is appointed unto man once to die." Each one of you *must* die. It may be death will come upon you in your youth time; how necessary, then, to be prepared! How dreadful to die and to go to the judgment-seat, knowing that God is angry with you, and that because you have not cared for your souls. He will punish you with hell-fire for ever. Seek, then, at once, my dear scholars, is your teacher's earnest request, to have your souls saved. You know what a gracious Saviour there is, ready to receive you, if you will only come to Him with faith and repentance, praying that your souls may be washed from all sin in His blood, and that you may be made His dear children. The world calls upon you, and would lead you to pursue its vain pleasures; Satan calls you to enrol under his dark standard; your own wicked hearts call you to follow their sinful suggestions; but heed them not. The Saviour also calls you to enter upon the paths of righteousness, and to avoid the ways of death. O, let his voice be more persuasive than all the rest; let it win you to Himself, and you will be for ever happy. *Now* is the time to begin this service, if not now, perhaps never. Can you look forward to a single moment and say that it is your own, that you will be living the next minute, or hour, or day? No. Can you serve God when death lays hold of you? No; for, "Life is the time to serve the Lord." Can you begin to serve God after you have left this world? It is impossible. There is no repentance in the grave; there is no seeking of God there. Begin now to pray for your souls this very night. Pray that God would draw you by His Holy Spirit unto Himself—that He would give you each a new heart and a right spirit—that He would dispose you to do His will, and to love Him with all your strength and mind. God will hear you if you are sincere. He is a God ready to hear. It is in His Word that He says—"Those that seek me early shall find me." How happy your teacher would be to see you all dedicating yourselves to God, as one of your number has already done. You will never regret having made such a dedication. I pray you, do not delay. The time of your sojourning here may be near its end. Now, now, now, is the time! I shall be sometimes absent from you, yet I shall always pray for you; do not neglect to pray for yourselves. Try and think seriously of what I have said; it might be the last warning you will ever hear from me. God only knows the future. Farewell.

Your affectionate Teacher,

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### Foreign Missions.

LETTER FROM THE STUDENTS OF THEOLOGY IN SAHARANPUR, N. INDIA.

The following letter is a reply to a communication addressed by Mr. John Alford, in behalf of himself and other students of Theology, to the young men of Saharanpur who are preparing for the ministry. It is highly creditable to the writers, being altogether their own composition. The example of the students who opened the correspondence is worthy of imitation.



Saharanpur, Feb. 28th, 1853.

Very dear Brother,—We cannot tell you how happy and thankful we were to receive a kind letter from him who lives in a far distant country, and although a large ocean rolls between him and us, still he feels a deep interest in our welfare. Dear friend, we feel very thankful for the communication your letter contains, but sorry, indeed, to state that one of our members, namely, Samuel B. Wylie, to whom your interesting letter has been addressed, just one day before you wrote this, was called up from his labours here, to join those redeemed *multitudes* above, and no doubt a crown of life is given him by *Him* whom he served here below. His disease was *consumption*, which annually consigns thousands to an untimely grave. He was not long in his bed, as generally those people are who are afflicted by this incurable disease. During the short period he was confined to his bed, he witnessed a good confession, and was resigned to the will of Him who doeth all right. The death of two catechists had been felt as a severe stroke to this mission in 1850, and in this last year another stroke has been felt in removing one of the most promising of the catechists at this station. Thus, one after another is removed to an unseen world. Labourers are diminished, and hearing people are daily increased. Therefore, let us pray to the *Owner* of the field that he may send more labourers into his *vineyard*. These are events which we must not let pass over until some serious impressions are made in our hearts. Among many other important lessons, these serious facts teach us that we must not boast of tomorrow or of coming years, for we do not know what the next day may bring forth; but do whatever our hands find to do, with all our might, knowing that there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither we go! These events awake us to realize that this is not our continuing city; but we are travelling to a better habitation, whose builder and maker is God. They compel us also to ask ourselves, are we prepared to meet this *king of terrors* with the fortitude of a true Christian? Are we really ready to put off the old man and put on the new? If our hearts are ready to give satisfactory answers to these momentous inquiries, then there is not any real fear at the thought of dissolution. We need not enlarge upon these topics, as they are better appreciated by yourself than us. You are aware, that though our lot had been cast in such dark and dreary places which are to this day very generally overlooked by Christian lands, yet God has brought us in such a place where we are allowed to enjoy those means of grace which are denied to others. For this we cannot express our humble thanks to *Him* who maketh us to differ from others, but only can feel a little of it. In this we intend to inform you of a few things connected with our labours. In the morning we teach in the English school, the average attendance of which has been hitherto about 40 students. There are five classes in it. The senior class is engaged in the study of Grammar, Geography, History, Natural Philosophy, Algebra, Geometry and Composition. The second class study Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic and Reader. The third class, small Grammar, Arithmetic and Reader; and the last two junior classes are composed chiefly of beginners, and their attention is confined to read elementary books, and oral lessons are taught in English Grammar, Arithmetic and on maps. By the superintendent of the school, much attention is paid to teach the scriptures, and they are made the subject of daily study by all in proportion to their standing and acquirements. Those who are not yet able to read the scriptures, receive oral instructions in its divine truths. By such efforts of missionaries in this country, much good is done, and the young men of the country are enabled to see the absurdities of the religion of their forefathers, and many, if not all among Hindus and Musalmans, are but nominal professors of their respective religions; and were it not for obstacles which are thrown before them by their friends and relations, there would have been at this time thousands of true converts. But still we hope the time is drawing nigh when these obstacles shall be removed, and re-

quests shall be made daily to admit them into the church of God. In the meantime we must pray for the removal of these obstacles, and for that glorious time when there shall be one *flock* and one *Shepherd*. Besides this English school, we have another school in the city, where a *maulvi* with an assistant teacher, are employed to conduct the studies in vernacular languages, and also one missionary and catechist are daily engaged in teaching scriptures, and by these means, divine truth is impressed upon the hearts of the learners. Every afternoon, with the missionary of the station we go to the station, where we occupy different places, and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to large and attentive audiences, and most of our audiences, if not all, hear the way of life explained with seriousness. In former years we had sometimes a few only around us to hear about the love of God in sending his beloved Son to die for sinners, but *now-a-days* we are glad to say, you would see every afternoon, large assemblies hearing us with attention. How happy and thankful should the heart of every Christian feel at these prospects. Now the inward influence of the Holy Ghost is required to bring home the word of truth, and at this time it is our duty to pray always to *Him* who is able to make effectual such means, and we should wait anxiously for the time when all the heathen world shall be converted and given to our Lord Jesus Christ, whose right it is to reign over all the human race. Itinerations are performed every year, in order to make known the Saviour and his salvation to those poor perishing people, who have their lots cast in those far distant cities, towns and villages, and who otherwise would have never heard the joyful sound of salvation; and we are glad to say much more attention is paid to the gospel truths by villagers, than is generally paid by citizens and those who live close to missionaries. Probably you are aware, that Hindustan is a country where thousands of places are esteemed by its superstitious inhabitants as sacred; and the spots annually and at appointed times, are visited by thousands of men, women and children, both near and distant. When multitudes are thus assembled, missionaries and their catechists go forth among them with tracts and books, and labour there many days and even weeks, and disseminate the word of God both by scriptures and orally. The result is apparent, the people attending these shrines grow less and less every year, and this will go on until all such places shall be utterly forsaken, and the church of God shall take their place. We are glad to state that in the providence of God we are permitted to study Theology, Church History and writing of Essays, these three or four years, under the direction of Messrs. J. R. Campbell and J. Caldwell; and we hope by divine grace and by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, in due time to be qualified to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ more extensively. We beg our Christian friends not only to pray for us that the Lord of grace may be pleased to pour out his Spirit to guide us into all truth; but we beg them to come and assist us in this extensive field of labour. Thousands are daily dying around us in the grossest superstition, without that knowledge which only is able to make them wise unto salvation. You cannot believe, unless you come here, how far the people of this country are gone astray from that narrow path which leadeth to everlasting life. And shall they die without hearing of Christ and his salvation? Cannot preachers be sent to them? No! we do not believe that our Christian friends will be unmindful of these millions, perishing in their sins. But the love of Christ will constrain them to use all their efforts in contributing, and sending more missionaries to this dark land where Satan has been reigning ages after ages, and whose victims have been and are innumerable; and we hope those who are engaged in this good work, directly and indirectly, will never lose their reward in that day when Christ shall make up his jewels.

On this subject the gospel promise is plain, "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." We shall consider ourselves highly honoured, should you, in future, continue to write to us now and



then as you think convenient. Give our best Christian regards to all your school-fellows, and tell them, although they are all strangers to us, and probably we shall never be permitted to see each other during our earthly pilgrimage, still we love them, and feel a deep interest in their welfare, and we are really glad to hear that most of them intend to study Theology, the best knowledge this side of eternity, and which only is able to make wise unto salvation. It may at first seem to some a dry study, but in the end they will know its worth, and would never barter it for any thing however valuable. We close this with a prayer for your success in the ministry of the reconciliation, and that many may be awakened from their dangerous state through your instrumentality. With respects we are yours,

Signed, { T. W. J. WYLIE,  
JOHN M'LEOD,  
GILBERT M'MASTER.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CHINA.—From the "*Chinese Repository*," the following interesting statistics of labourers in the cause of Protestant missions in China, are taken:—

"The total number of missionaries from the several societies, who have been engaged in Chinese missions from the arrival of Dr. Morrison, in 1807, to the close of last year, is one hundred and fifty; of whom seventy-three are now in China, and five are absent on account of health, or for other reasons. Of the remaining seventy-two, twenty-five died in the field of labour, or on the passage home, including four who were drowned, and three who met with a violent death at the hands of the natives. Forty-eight have retired, most of them on account of their own ill health, or that of their families, but some of them through discouragement at the little progress they made in learning the Chinese language. Of the whole number, forty-seven were Englishmen, eighty-eight Americans, fifteen being from the Continent. Of the missionaries now in China, including the five now absent, twenty-three are Englishmen, five are from the Continent, and forty-four are Americans. Most of those from the Continent are Lutherans; but the members of the mission at Amoy, sent out from the United States, belong to the Reformed Dutch Church. The Russian mission has a large monastery in Peking, China, and the members of it remain there for ten years, when they are replaced by a fresh party from Russia."

[*Chr. Inst.*

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.—It is not much over a century since the Moravians had their rise, and they have always been few in number and poor in this world's goods; but their spirit has been, and still is, emphatically the spirit of missions, and multitudes upon multitudes on heathen soil will bless their memory:—

"At a recent public meeting held in Sheffield, England, on behalf of the Moravians, the following statements were made:—The Moravians on the Continents of Europe and America do not number above 20,000 souls, yet they have gathered through their missionaries not less than 70,000 persons into Christian congregations in foreign lands. At Labrador, nearly the whole of the natives have been Christianized; and at Surinam, out of 13 missionaries, 11 have died of the yellow fever. Yet there is no lack of labourers for God. During the last eleven years, the congregations at Surinam have risen from 10,000 to 17,000 persons. It may be estimated that one-fourth are communicants. In the West Indies the congregations number about 40,000 persons, principally negroes, and there are upwards of 8,000 children in their schools. Two training schools have been established for the education of native teachers. It is seldom that one taught in their schools leaves the path of rectitude. The Moravians have 70 missionary stations and 260 missionaries in the world, and these are sustained for the trifling expense of about \$60,000."

[*Id.*



### Obituary.

Died, in the city of New York, Feb. 22, 1853, ISABELLA, wife of James C. Ramsey, ruling elder in the 1st Congregation of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, in New York, in the forty-fourth year of her age, and in the twenty-fourth of her married life.

At the early period of her fourteenth year she had been admitted to full communion in the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Coldenham, of which Rev. J. R. Willson, D. D., was then pastor; and during the long period of thirty years, amidst a life of much affliction, lived in the faith in which she died. Of that period, about sixteen years were passed in great and growing infirmities of the body, which at length assailed and deranged the mind which it contained; but throughout she gave incontrovertible evidence of the enduring presence and power of the incorruptible seed of the Word of God. A submission to the Divine will, with a meekness and cheerfulness which it seemed nothing could overcome, was her prevalent character to the last; and while her thoughts in her latter years would often wander strangely on ordinary matters, it was still with a childlike and harmless simplicity of temper, and on the great truths of God's grace in Christ, and his providence towards his people, she was ever clear and ready, and often singularly apt and edifying. As a Christian, a wife, a mother, a friend, and a lover of such as love God, she has left in the domestic and social circle in which she moved a deep remembrance of great worth, and a valuable pattern for imitation. Well understanding the constant tendency of her bodily ailments to her final dissolution, it was the subject of her frequent conversation; and when the summons came at last, it was evident and satisfying that her long-tried and well sanctified spirit was in readiness to depart, and she calmly fell asleep in Christ. She has evidently left, what the truly pious always leave in the domestic circle of the bereaved from whence they are taken, another and a heart-affecting motive and encouragement to "set their affections, not on the earth, but on things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God," glorious and wonderful amidst his congregating and congregating redeemed.



### LICENSURE OF MR. W. T. WYLIE.

At a special meeting of the Reformed Presbytery of Philadelphia, held on Thursday the 30th of June, Mr. W. T. Wylie having previously delivered the pieces of trial assigned him, and having sustained the usual examinations, was licensed to preach the everlasting gospel. Having received leave of absence for several months, Mr. W. has been travelling in Europe, where we hope he will meet with the kind attentions which those who know his worth would so cordially and cheerfully render him.



### THE TESTIMONY.

It will be gratifying to our readers to learn that the recent edition of the Testimony, amounting to five thousand copies, has been entirely disposed of, and that another issue is now required to meet the calls made for it. To the generous donor, whose liberality has made this work so easily obtained, and therefore so extensively circulated, this result must be peculiarly pleasing. Others will be led, we hope, by the example already given, to assist in the publication and circulation of similar works; and we trust all will earnestly ask that GOD may bless his own truth to the conversion and sanctification of those to whom it has thus obtained access.

## NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

From the reports given by Rev. Mr. Patterson, of the condition of the churches in this region, we are happy to learn that encouraging prospects are presented. Mr. Clarke still bears aloft the banner of the covenant, and Mr. Darragh contends earnestly for the faith. From the character of the population, there is reason to believe that our church might take deep root, and fill the land, if there were an adequate supply of ordinances, and such help as is requisite for new organizations were afforded. Mr. Clarke, who has so long and so ably maintained the cause of truth and order, should have all done that can be done, to make his situation comfortable; and one or two more labourers should be sent out to the whitening fields. We hope that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will not be overlooked or forgotten.

## REV. R. PATTERSON.

We are glad to be able to record the return to this city, of our respected agent, Rev. R. Patterson. Mr. P.'s health has been much improved, and his labours have been as abundant and as successful in the Eastern as in the Western parts of the church. As there are some congregations which he has not yet visited, his appointment has been continued, although the term assigned at Synod has now expired.

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**Notices of New Publications.**

**THE COURSE OF FAITH;** or the Practical Believer delineated. By John A. James. New York: Carter & Brothers. 12mo.; pp. 412.

Few writers unite more happily the doctrinal and the practical than the author of this work. Presenting to the understanding, in clear and forcible language, the evangelical view of the great subject of which he treats, and making a close and affectionate application of it to the heart, the book is well worthy of a place among volumes to be often read, and to be consulted with confidence.

**THE INFANT READER;** or Easy Lessons in Reading for Little Boys and Girls. 24mo.; pp. 107. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

This little book is excellently suited to entertain and instruct the child. It is rendered more attractive by numerous wood engravings.

**REMEMBER LOT.** Presbyterian Board of Publication. 32mo.; pp. 134.

A searching and impressive discourse on the character of Lot, with especial reference to the words "He lingered."

**THE CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.** Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication, No. 265 Chestnut street.

This little volume contains well written sketches of a number of the young mentioned in the Bible. It contains a number of handsome wood engravings.

**POPERY AGAINST COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION;** In Four Letters to Bishop O'Connor and Gov. Bigler. By M. W. Jacobus, D. D.

We read these letters with great satisfaction, at the time they were first published in the newspapers, and are glad to find that they are now issued by the Board, and will thus be permanently preserved. They form an able confutation of the arrogant attempts of the Romanist clergy to obtain the control of the public funds for education.





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